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AN EXPEDITION

OF

DISCOVERY

INTO THE

INTERIOR OF AFRICA,

THROUGH THE

HITHERTO UNDESCRIBED COUNTRIES

OF THE

GREAT NAMAQUAS, BOSCHMANS, AND HILL DAMARAS.

PERFORMED

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT,
AND THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY;

AND CONDUCTED BY

JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, K. L. S.
CAPTAIN IN THE BRITISH, LIEUT-COL. IN THE PORTUGUESE, SERVICE.
F.R.G.S. AND R.A.S., ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.
1838.

174504

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD GLENELG,

HER MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, ETC.

THESE VOLUMES

ARE, BY PERMISSION, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBEDIENT

AND VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita solo; juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire; juvatque novos decerpere flores."

In the beginning of the year 1834, the Author of the following pages had volunteered from the depôt of the 42d Royal Highlanders, in Scotland, to join the service companies of the regiment abroad, and was accordingly proceeding to the Mediterranean, when he had the honour to receive an invitation from the Royal Geographical Society, to perform an African Expedition of Discovery; and, at the same time, he was recommended by that distinguished body to Government, as a fit person for conducting such an undertaking.

His humble services in the field before enemies of his country not being then required—moreover, he having had previous experience in voyaging and travelling,—having always had a strong desire to attempt to discover some of the secrets of the great and mysterious continent of

Africa, and feeling that he could not rest satisfied till he had broken new ground there,—he readily consented to explore and report on certain regions of East Africa, from Delagoa Bay westwards, with a view to the extension of geographical knowledge and commerce.

In undertaking the conduct of an African expedition, he was actuated by no hope of pecuniary gain. He was perfectly independent in his circumstances; and his only hope was, that if he performed an expedition which should prove successful, and which might tend to promote trade, to civilize the native tribes that might be visited, and to extend a knowledge of our holy religion;—his expenses would be defrayed, and he should receive, in common with all other expedition-officers, some honorary reward for his labours, and for his having consented to exchange, during a certain period, civilized for savage life.

Having obtained leave of absence from the authorities at the Horse Guards, he proceeded at his own expense to Portugal, to collect information relating to Africa, and had an opportunity of being present with the contending parties in the field during the late civil war; then,—recommended by the Admiralty to the care of Admiral Sir Patrick Campbell,—he sailed in the flag-ship Thalia, on a voyage of observation among the Colonies of Western Africa, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in the beginning of 1835.

It was now unexpectedly found that the whole of South Africa was in commotion; that the Zoolas had risen on the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa, the ultimate destination of the author, and had slain the Governor and some of his people; that some of the native tribes were carrying on a

war of extermination against each other, and that the Amakosa Kaffers had suddenly burst into the eastern province of the Cape Colony and were carrying fire and sword through it.

It was evidently not the time for geographical research, and the Author, having a recommendation from Sir Herbert Taylor, his late Majesty's Private Secretary, for employment on the staff at the Cape, if an opportunity should offer for his serving in a military capacity there, was accordingly placed by General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor and Commander-in-chief, on the personal staff of his Excellency, to whom he became an aid-de-camp and private secretary.

After the conclusion of the Kaffer war, and when there seemed to be a lull in the interior, the Author prepared to carry the original purpose for which he had arrived in South Africa into effect, when Dr. A. Smith arrived at the Cape from an expedition to the north east, having passed over the ground behind Delagoa Bay, and having visited the Maquaina country, whither it was intended the Author should have gone. It became, therefore, necessary to change the original route.

It is remarkable that during the three centuries and a half which have elapsed since the celebrated Portuguese navigator, Bartolomeo Diaz, first doubled the "Cape of Storms," the progress of discovery should have advanced so slowly, that up to this day, the whole of the western region of Southern Africa, has hitherto remained comparatively a blank in our maps. The Great Fish River, supposed to extend upwards of three hundred miles from north to south, and said to receive, both from the eastward and from the westward, more than twenty tributaries, was only in-

dicated by a dotted line; of the range and height of the mountains and elevated plains near it, no trace existed, and of their geological structure and general features, we were utterly ignorant.

Gordon in 1777, Paterson in 1778, Le Vailant in 1781, and Thompson in 1827, may have reached, *in this direction*, the southern bank of the Gariep, but, neither in the last nor present century, is it recorded, that any European traveller has crossed within four hundred miles of its mouth, to the northern bank of the Orange river.* But, where the spirit of geographical enterprise had not yet reached, a nobler spirit had directed the steps of other wanderers, and, for nearly a quarter of a century, a few missionaries had, from time to time, endeavoured to spread the truths of the Gospel in the district of the Orange river; and one, the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, performed a journey of some extent, several years ago, through a part of Great Namaqua land.

To penetrate further to the north, then, in this direction, and to endeavour to become acquainted with the Damaras, a nation inhabiting between the 21st and 24th parallels, and only known to us by report, seemed to be now the chief object of geographical research, since the recent journey of Dr. Smith had rendered it needless to

*Barrow in 1797, Truter and Somerville in 1801, Lichtenstein in 1805, Burchell in 1809, Campbell in 1813, Thompson in 1827. Hume in 1834, with several others, and lastly, Dr. Smith in 1835-36, have crossed the Orange river, but that was between 23° and 24° east longitude, near its mid-course, or upwards of 400 miles from its mouth. A Dutch colonist, also, W. Van Reenen, went some distance up the Great Fish River, but his account was never published.

proceed with the Delagoa expedition. Accordingly, after mature deliberation, with the authority of his Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and by the advice of those best qualified to give an opinion in the colony, the author determined to explore the country to the north of the Orange river, on the west coast, as the best means of promoting the great object for which he had left England, and carrying out the views of Her Majesty's Government, which contributed to his outfit, and of the Geographical Society, which has also advanced its funds to assist in covering the expenses of the undertaking.

In these volumes there will be found a faithful account of an Expedition attended with many trials and troubles,—in which much hunger and thirst were endured—intense heat and severe cold; to all which the traveller in Africa must make up his mind, if he intends to pass a considerable distance beyond the bounds of civilization. Throughout, the narrative is interspersed with anecdotes illustrative of African manners and of the chace, &c.* and it is confidently hoped, that those who honour this work with their perusal, will find in its details something that may not leave their curiosity ungratified.

Should more information be required on particular points than is given in these pages, the reader is requested to bear in mind what are the difficulties attendant upon African travelling; the necessity there was for making personally every arrangement for the march, and for the night's

* The Appendix contains a Notice of the objects of Natural History collected during the expedition, an Itinerary, and copious Notes on the present state of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

halt; the trouble of procuring food, of dealing with the natives, of preventing drunkenness and quarrels among the people with whom the Author had to deal; and the constant exertion required to keep all in good humour. These duties so far demanded his time and care, as to forbid his doing more than is here set forth—"Quod potuit perfecit:"—he did what he could, and he now offers the description of a route of nearly four thousand miles, accomplished in little more than a twelvemonth, and all of which, to the north of the Kamies, or Lion Mountain, has never appeared in any former map of Southern Africa.

J. E. A.

London, August 1838.

EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY,

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations for an Expedition of Discovery—My Attendants—Leave Cape Town—Travelling Dress—Beautiful appearance of the Country—Difficulties and Accidents—Different Modes of Travelling—Inhospitality at Malmsbury—Field-cornet De Toit—Losing one's way—The ready Cook—Misfortunes again—Anecdote of a Dutchman's Consequence—The Steenbok—Our Practice in Hunting—Life among the Boors—The Berg River—Mynheer Vandermerwe—Picquet Berg—Lang Vley—Uneasiness of the Farmers—Ride to Clanwilliam—Temperature—The Cedar Mountains—Description of them and of the Trees—Two Excursions to the Mountains—Boschman Caves—Boors' Habits—Murders—Return to Clanwilliam.

At Cape Town, I employed the month of August, 1836, in making my preparations for an expedition of discovery into the interior of South Africa, calculating that I should be absent at least twelve months from civilized society.

I bought an excellent wagon, complete, with a tilt, fore and after chests, side cases, water kegs, yokes, &c., for 60*l.*; and a span of handsome black and white oxen for 40*l.* I did not expect to be able to take the wagon far beyond

the Orange river ; but when I thought I should be obliged to leave it I hoped that I might then have a sufficient number of pack oxen to carry me on. Accordingly, I had seven pack-saddles and fourteen black leather packing cases made, to convey the necessary stores for our further progress after leaving the wagon. These cost the large sum of 90*l.* ; for materials and workmanship are expensive at the Cape.

Besides the saddles and cases, which took up little room, the wagon was freighted with the following articles : First, for offence and defence, three double barrelled guns, four fusees, and three rifles, complete, with bayonets and swords; three pair of pistols, three boarding pikes, seven rockets, one hundred pounds of canister gunpowder, and a proportionate quantity of lead and pewter ; two hundred flints, bullet moulds, bags of shot, powder horns, shot belts, and six hundred rounds of ball cartridge, for a stand, in case of being attacked.

Next, for bartering with the natives for food, there were saws, hatchets, files, brass wire, knives, tinder-boxes, needles, beads, buttons, cotton shirts, shawls, handkerchiefs, red caps, and one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, which last procures assistance and food, when all else fails to move the natives of South Africa.

The private stores, consisted of axes, spades, pickaxes, nails, spare yokes, and tar for the wagon ; some rice, biscuit, salt, tea, and coffee ; a medicine chest, clothes, stationery, books of geography and natural history; musical instruments, as a violin, tambourine, Pan's pipes, &c, to keep my own people "alive," and the natives in good humour.

Lastly, my instruments, furnished by Govern-

ment, were a pocket sextant, small azimuth compasses, barometer, thermometers, artificial horizons of coloured glass and quicksilver, an Admiralty chronometer by Arnold, and a small air pump for extracting poison.

I did not invite any one to be my companion in the wilderness; for after an experience of fifteen years of voyages and travels, I found that one always moves with greater ease, and infinitely more at liberty, without a companion; and that one is more induced to associate with, and to collect information from, the natives of the countries one traverses, when wanting an associate on the road: though, to counterbalance all this, there are times and seasons when the soul requires communing with a friend, whose ear may be ready to listen to one's complaints: whose voice may cheer, and whose counsel may direct. For a medical adviser I had fortunately had no occasion for many a long year. A consort I hoped to obtain if I returned alive and well!

From all I learned at the Cape, it was not advisable to traverse the interior with native attendants only: they might combine for evil, against their master; they might prove indolent and cowardly; an admixture of Europeans was necessary; and my party, therefore, consisted of the following men:—

1. Charles Taylor, an Englishman, in charge of the stores, and skilled in preserving objects of natural history.

2. Robert Repp, an Englishman, in charge of the cattle.

3. John Elliot, an Irishman, private, 27th Enniskillen regiment, in charge of the arms.

4. Antonio J. Perreira, my Portuguese servant.

5. Magasee, a Bengalee, who had been a slave in the Cape colony, and who had also lived eighteen years with the Caffers.

6. Henrick, the wagon driver, a powerful young man of the mixed South African race, or a "Bastaard," as the local term is.

7. Wilhelm, the wagon leader, also a stout Bastaard.

My people were bound to me for a year; and the highest wages were 3*l.* each per month with food and clothes. It is not always easy, on any terms, to inducce men to embark in an undertaking such as I now contemplated. I found that I had not a man more than I positively required.

Henrick's wife, Metjie, entreated to be allowed to accompany him to the limits of the colony, which she was allowed to do, proving useful as a cook and washerwoman.

My preparations being completed after a month's hard work, and the expenditure of more than the government allowance (300*l.*) for the outfit of the expedition at the Cape, on the evening of the 8th of September, the wagon rolled quietly through the clean and tree-lined steets of Cape Town, passed between the mighty wall of Table Mountain and the castle on the shores of Table Bay; and as it passed the fortress, a gentle shower of rain fell, and the evening gun fired a parting salute.

The wagon waited for me at Laubser's farm, beyond the Salt river; and on the 10th of September I left Government House, probably for the last time, and a chief, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, to whom I had been long and warmly attached.

After breakfasting at the Royal Observatory, and partaking of a stirrup cup, I was honourably escorted thence for some miles by Sir John Herschel, Major Michell, K. H., the Surveyor General (now my father-in-law,) Dr. Murray, principal medical officer, Mr. Maclear, astronomer royal, Mr. George Thomson, the South African traveller, and Mr. J. Wingate, a school-fellow and esteemed friend.

I parted from these gentlemen (for all of whom I entertained a high regard) with slight hope of ever seeing any of them again; but resolved to penetrate as far as my strength and means permitted me to do, anticipating many strange adventures; trusting to be of some service to my country and to the aborigines of Africa, and relying with humble confidence on a Providence by whom I had been hitherto mercifully and strangely preserved.

I left the sand flats and ridges of the bay, and with my half wild follower, Magasee, trotted over grassy plains, passed some cultivation, and joined the wagon at its outspan.

I found my people in good spirits, and professing to be rejoiced to have escaped from the confinement and dissipation of Cape Town; than which few places are more destructive to the lower classes, from the cheapness of wine and brandy. The men were dressed in blue smock frocks, over a cotton shirt, and leather trowsers; field shoes, or a sort of buskin, of untanned leather, and grey broad-brimmed and round-crowned hats, which when we got farther on, were surmounted with ostrich feathers, as a protection from the sun. This costume, with belts and arms, gave them rather a picturesque appearance.

I was myself equipped in a similar manner, dispensing with the luxuries of stock, gloves, and socks, which are unsuited for rough work.

We inspanned, crossed the Mosselbank river, and passed on beyond Captain Proctor's farm. There was nothing of the desert in the appearance of the country at this season of the year, nor of aridity or barrenness observable; the face of nature being covered with a broad carpet of dark green, on which were patches of the most brilliant wild flowers. Cultivation was confined to the immediate neighbourhood of the farm-houses. On our right, the snow-capped peaks of the Drakenstein mountains, rising two or three thousand feet above the plains, formed a most agreeable picture. The Cape lark rose near us, perpendicularly, on whirring wing, to the height of about thirty feet, gently descending with a prolonged whistle; and all around us wore a delightful aspect of light and liberty.

But we were soon recalled from the enjoyment of the scene to very disagreeable duties. The roads were deep with mud, from recent rains, and the wagon was overloaded; as in setting out it was difficult to calculate what the oxen could easily draw; we consequently plunged into holes, from which neither shouting nor the whip —of both which the attendants were by no means sparing—could avail. By digging out the mud from before the wheels, tramping down bushes, unloading a portion of the stores, and other similar devices, we managed to surmount one difficulty, only to get into another; always looking, however, to a "good ending;" until, at last, we stuck fast up to the naves in a "slough of despond," from which there was apparently no hope of extrication.

It is the custom to sing the praises of the Cape wagons, their strength, their great length and pliability, preventing their upsetting; their forming a convenient field house, &c.; but I confess I am no friend to the slow three-mile-an-hour progress of this conveyance, and its "stick-in-the-mud" propensities, though it probably suits phlegmatic temperaments. I had, however, no choice: there was no other means of transport to be got at the Cape; no pack oxen; horses would not probably live far beyond their accustomed pastures, and no one has yet had the enterprise to send from the Cape to Bombay for camels, to try if they will live to be useful in the plains of Southern Africa.

I went on ahead, and found mud holes every where. I saw that I must call on the field-cornets for assistance, and make use of my government order and passport, or else return to Cape Town to buy another wagon and a second span of oxen. I preferred the former course, and rode forward to the small village of Malmsbury, where I arrived at dusk; and proceeding to a house to which I had been recommended, I was furiously assailed by dogs and the shrill voice of an old woman, intimating that the master was not at home, and desiring me also to "loop," or take myself off. From thence I went to the field-cornet in the village, and he, making an apology for the smallness of his house, directed me to another field-cornet's, two miles off. Again "I took the road," and turning to Magasee, I told him to prepare for passing the night under a bush, in our old Caffer style, for that I saw no prospect of getting either assistance or shelter that evening. But on arriving at Mynheer De Toit's, he immediately asked me to "off saddle,"

and gave me the best his house afforded, with a capital bed.

Next morning our obliging field-cornet sent a messenger on with an order to a Mr. Dekok to assist us, and we followed after; but we were again unfortunate; it rained heavily—we lost our way, went a round of twenty miles, and arrived at a Michael Dekok's, no great distance from Cape Town. Here we broke bread, and were set right; found the proper Mr. Dekok's, and transferring a large portion of the goods from the expedition wagon to another, by means of an extra whip the bullocks did their duty, and we tarried for the night at Mr. Jan Dekok's.

"Sir," said one of my men, "there's the readiest black cook here that ever I seed; she heard that the Governor was coming, and she has been ever since in a terrible bustle, running here and there with a roaring child on her back. I asked her for a light for my pipe, and she whipt off a piece of her shift in a moment, rubbed it up, greased it, and struck a light with it. She then put down some soup afore me, tore off another rag, cleaned a spoon and the table with it, and then stuck it into her sleeve for another time. She's never at a loss for anything, sir!"

On the 15th we got on well with an extra horse wagon; passed through Malmsbury, and by Zwartland Kirk, the centre of the "Brod kammer," or bread-room of the colony, the land here being very fertile, and producing corn in abundance. We thought now we should have no more stoppages, when again both the horse and ox wagons floundered into a deep quicksand, and there was again delay and hard work, road-making and unloading, but we again progressed, when in crossing a stream the fore bolt of the

expedition wagon broke, and we were brought up again.

I thought, as the Persians have it, that "we had not set the lucky foot foremost," when we commenced the journey. However, as long as we were not positively compelled to return to the Cape, I did not much care, but galloped to the next farmer's, Martinus Smits, bought a bolt from him for three rix-dollars (four shillings and sixpence), and returning to the wagon, shipped it, with the assistance of some Boors, who in broad-brimmed hats, cloth jackets, and leather trowsers, and provided with long guns and immense powder horns, were with horse and hound in chase of steenboks.

A characteristic anecdote may be here told of one of these Dutchmen. In my absence he was approaching the wagon, and accosting one of my coloured attendants, he asked him if he had seen a flock of sheep pass that way?

"What say ye?" replied my man, without the affix of mynheer or baa, (master).

"Ye, to me!" cried the Boor. "I'll teach you better manners; I'll get you punished. Come along to your master with me immediately."

The indignant Dutchman approached the wagon, and addressing himself to one of my white men, who was busy inside packing, he began to lodge his complaint, on which the other, without looking at him, and not understanding a word he said, coolly told him to "go to h—l!" which still more disconcerted the ill-used boor.

The steenbok (or stone buck), of which the boors were now usually in pursuit, is a small but very graceful antelope, three feet and a half in length from the muzzle to the tip of the minute

tail, about one foot eight inches high, with long and slight legs, of a reddish fawn colour, with a beautiful gloss. The female is without horns; those of the male are much shorter than the ears, and are straight and very sharp. My friend, Mr. W. Ogilby, F.Z.S., was the first to notice the absence of spurious hoofs in this elegant antelope.

The steenbok (singly and in pairs) frequents the broad plains on which are scattered rocks and low bushes. It seemed to me always to be a very foolish animal; for it would run a short distance, and then turn round and gaze at the sportsman, who openly approached it. Yet it was painful to see the poor creature, after receiving his death wound, circle round a bush with drooping head, before it hid itself to die. Its flesh is very delicate.

Here I beg to remark that during the whole journey nothing was killed wantonly, or that we did not positively require either as an article of food, or as a rare object of natural history. I never could, and I trust I never shall, reconcile myself to the notion which some sportsmen entertain, that it is manly to destroy as many animals as one can: this thirst for blood is discreditable. The exploit of which I know some to boast, viz., killing four elephants in one day, or the same number of hippopotami, with the same gun, for mere sport, is surely not praiseworthy.

I bought meat and bread for my people at M. Smits, which they ate at the wagon, whilst I was invited into the house to partake of the country fare. I have a great aversion to greasy food; and to please the Boors, and thereby get more smoothly through the colony, I forced myself to eat of their dishes, swimming as they were in

sheep's tail fat. But being no Fuseli, may I never again have the horrid dreams I had after this fare, and in disagreeably soft beds!

The boors thought I was going to look out new locations for them beyond the boundary, and they wondered at my temerity in proposing to cross "de limite." I had a number of set questions for them, by which conversation was kept up for a considerable time: such as interrogatories regarding their children—the smut in corn—the horse sickness, and the advantage of substituting wooled sheep for the bare-backed large-tailed breed.

On the 16th we reached the Berg river, filled from "bank to brae," and flowing through a flat and fertile country. The strength of the stream prevented the punt crossing, we saw twenty wagons collected on the other side, and we were compelled to halt for the subsiding of the waters.

Mynheer Vandermerwe, of the punt, was a strapping fellow, with red hair, a loud voice, bearing a walking-stick in his hand as long as himself; that is, six feet four: though a field-cornet, he could not read my passport, and had conveniently lost his "bril," or spectacles.—After our supper of fatted mutton and stewed peaches, a tub of water was, as usual, passed round the company, in which, beginning at the Baas, and without changing the water, the feet of half-a-score people were washed by a slave girl.

Crossing the Berg river, we were under the Piquet hill on the 19th. This is a long primitive eminence, with heavy sand at its base, through which we slowly moved. The Piquet berg is supposed to be a good locality for the growth of coffee. There is an excellent garden here at Bomzager's farm, which is pleasantly si-

tuated under the picturesque hill, and looking towards the east: quince hedges enclose fruit and vegetable ground, and we purchased a hundred oranges for one shilling from the proprietor and his vrouw, who were sitting on their stoep or terrace, in front of the house, with its ogie gables, and enjoying the cool and quiet of the evening—" procul negotiis."

Losing our oxen for some hours, and with other trials of temper and patience, becoming also rougher and more bush-like daily, " oblivious of silver forks and kid gloves," we journeyed onward, occasionally leaving the road to follow steenboks, korhaan or bustard, and enjoying our gipsy outspan in the middle of the day by the side of bushes and near water, where we could conveniently swing our pot on its own " three legs," and eat our frugal repast off the grass.—The Turkish poets wisely recommend us to enjoy the passing hour to its fullest extent, and thus one sings of the spring.

" Tulip, rose, anemone,
Blossom in the sunbeam free,
Watered by refreshing showers;
Yet we find their vernal treasures
Vanish like life's fondest pleasures;
Age and care fill up the hours;
Then seize, oh! scize while rapture flows
The season of the vernal rose!"

On the 21st we were at Lang Vley (Long Lake), Piet Vanzyl's; thence I sent the wagon, a few hours further, to Uitkomst (Coming out), H. Vanzyl's, there to remain for a few days till I had visited the village of Clanwilliam and the Cedar Mountains.

At this time, in the colony generally, there was a very restless spirit abroad. The farmers

were dissatisfied with the government on account of the sudden emancipation of their slaves, and on account of the losses the Eastern farmers had sustained by the Caffers. They were also generally filled with exaggerated notions of the beauty and fertility of the country to the N. E. of the boundary, and West and N. W. of Natal.

"We read in the papers," said a Dutch farmer to me, "that in Europe we are considered as tigers, and that we destroy the coloured people without mercy: look round and say if you see any thing of this. We are vexed and annoyed at the opinion which is entertained of us; and no allowance is made for us, for being reluctant to lose two slaves out of three, for we are only paid for one out of three; thus a farmer who gave a few years ago £800 for a few slaves to cultivate his ground, now receives only £300 for them. Our countrymen too on the eastern frontier have been ruined by the Caffers, and have not recovered their property. We hear of the great fertility of the land beyond the northeastern limit, and we wish to try and find out a new country for ourselves."

I tried to sooth the farmers as well as I could, said that there was a hope that free labourers would be more profitable to them on wages than the slaves had been without—that if they abandoned the "oud plaats," they abandoned the comforts and security of civilized life, would expose their wives and children nightly to the attack of savages, and must continually sleep with their fire-arms in their hands.

I got up early on the 22d, and rode over lonely hills and through silent vallies to the Olifant (Elephant) river, which ran deep and full through a sandy plain. I met Mr. Ryneveld,

the assistant civil commissioner or chief magistrate of the sub-district of Clanwilliam, on the western side of the river, and with him I forded it, and shortly afterwards arrived at the village of Clanwilliam, where I took up my residence with Mr. Ryneveld.

Clanwilliam is a village of neat houses, one story high, and arranged in two streets. The number of inhabitants is about two hundred.—There is a church here, and a few shops; and the better sort of houses are provided with good gardens; but situated as Clanwilliam is, in a basin-shaped valley on sand, and surrounded with hills (whilst the grand summits of the Cedar Mountains tower in the distant S. E.), it is perhaps the hottest place in South Africa.

Register of the thermometer in the hot months.

	9 A. M.	Wind.	Noon.	Wind.	3 P. M.	Wind.	Observations.
1830 Dec. 5.	82	E.	86	W.	86	N.W.	Clear.
— 15.	76	N.E.	91	W.	90	W.	Clear, with strong wind.
— 25.	76	S.W.	78	S.W.	84	W.	Calm and clear
1831 Jan. 10.	84	N.W.	96	S.W.	90	W.	Cloudy.
— 16.	88	E.	106	E.	100	N.E.	Clear.
— 22.	92	E.	110	N.E.	105	N.E.	Do.
Feb. 5.	94	N.E.	112	E.	110	E.	Do.
— 15.	79	E.	92	N.E.	88	S.E.	Do.
— 24.	83	S.W.	95	S.E.	100	S.E.	Thunder storm, with heavy rain.

The heat, it will be observed from the above short table, must be very distressing at Clanwilliam in December, January, and February.—Those of the white inhabitants who can afford it, live during these months on farms, or among the Cedar Mountains, some distance from Clanwilliam. The nights in the hot season at Clanwilliam are often more stifling than the days, sleep is denied, and bottles sometimes burst in the rooms with a loud explosion, from the heat.

I was not long in Clanwilliam before I mounted and rode with Mr. Ryneveld towards the beautiful range of the Cedar Mountains.

This primary range of mountains, running north-east and south-west, consists on the upper parts of ash-coloured quartzose sandstone, whilst the lower parts contain a variety of mineral and fossil substances, particularly marine petrefactions, as shells and fish; also black, red, and striped jasper, hornblende, crystalized carbonate of lime; garnets imbeded in argillaceous schist; opaque and crystalized quartz, beautiful varieties of agate, and iron ores of different kinds, and in such quantity that all the water, of which there is abundance about the Ceder Mountains, is more or less chalybeate.

The valleys are rich in decomposed vegetable matter, which forms a fine dark-coloured mould, which is exceedingly productive. The chief produce of these fertile spots consists of corn, tobacco, and fruit. A small quantity of wine is made here; and altogether, the Cedar Mountains, though not extensive, are perhaps the most interesting range to the geologist in South Africa.

The height of some of the highest peaks, as calculated by the Baron Von Wurmb, (who vis-

ited this part of the colony a few years ago to found mission stations for the Rhenish Society), is as follows :—Rondeberg 2,990 feet, Groenberg 4,860, and Sneeuwberg, 5,000.

I was particularly interested about the cedars, "the glories of Lebanon," which formerly used to clothe, and do still in part adorn, the higher glens and ravines of these mountains. These noble and imperishable trees are always attractive to the readers of scripture ; for with them was the magnificent Temple of the wise Solomon built ; but alas ! for the cedars of these mountains they are fast disappearing under the destroying hand of man. Annually the Dutch farmers, the Hottentots, and Bastaards, living about the mountains, burn the grass to improve the pasture. Many fine old trees are thus sacrificed, and hundreds of young ones. No one takes charge of the trees, nor is a word spoken to save them. Their existence is almost unknown at the Cape where the wood would fetch a high price ; and even in the district where they grow, two skillings or sixpence are paid for a foot of planking, and ten dollars or fifteen shillings for a beam, To give an idea of the size of some of these trees a wide spreading father of the forest was cut down in 1836 which was thirty-six feet in girth ; and out of whose giant arms 1,000 feet of planking were sawed.

I took care to represent to the government at the Cape the expediency of superintending the cedar trees ; of preventing their being mercilessly destroyed as at present ; and I advised that seed should be continually collected, and sown in proper situations on the mountains.

I made two excursions to the Cedar Mountains ; the first was in company with Mr. Ryne-

veld. We rode through valleys of the most grotesque forms of rocks, standing bare after their softer beds had been long washed away from about them. Some were arranged like a great arch; others overhung the ground below at a sharp angle; some were balanced at a single point; and others formed an open klip (or stone) house. A narrow gorge is called the "De Smits Winkel" (or shop), from the ringing noise the rocks give out in passing through it.

These huge masses of old sandstone were stained with oxide of iron. There was grass and shrubby plants among the rocks; and here there were broad green leaves encircling the purple flowers of the protea mellifera, or sugar-bush of the Cape.

Leopards inhabit the mountains, also bucks of various kinds, wild boars and baboons; there are also many partridges and pheasants, and insects in considerable variety, in the antipodial spring months of August, September, and October.

There is a Rhenish mission station called Wopertal in a valley of the Cedar Mountains, where the climate is very pleasant, even in the hottest months. There is good ground, and plenty of wood and water at the station; and the small Hottentot community, under Mr. Lepold, are employed in gardening, carpentry, and shoe-making, and are industrious and thriving.

Mr. Ryneveld took me to a retired and beautiful spot in the mountains, called Reebok Valley. Here a little old farm house was shaded by oaks; the garden contained rows of pear and peach trees, and vines were set in good soil; poplars grew beside a water course. Here we partook

of thick milk, with sugar and bread, and enjoyed the seclusion of Reebuck Valley.

My next excursion to the Cedar Mountains was with an agreeable and worthy man, Mr. Wynzel, land-surveyor, to whom I subsequently sent olive plants and grass-seeds, that the emblem of peace might be introduced in the western districts of the colony, (as I had formerly endeavoured to do in the eastern province); and that the pastures also might be improved.

We put up our horses at Nieuwoud's farm, and then in company with Tim, an old English dragoon, proceeded to examine some Boschman caves, three or four hundred feet above the level of the plain. In clambering among the rocks we saw in a hole small long-eared bats, also a yellow-snake, and the traces of dassees or rock rabbits, whilst an eagle or falcon, which preys upon them, sailed majestically up the valley, casting its keen glance towards us.

The Boschman caves consisted of overhanging rocks, were thirty or forty feet across the entrance, and did not extend above twenty or thirty feet into the mountain from the entrance. The roofs were black with smoke. The caves were deserving of notice from the paintings upon them. In one I saw, not far from Nieuwoud's farm, there was a flock of sheep with their lambs represented in red ochre, the outlines of which were surprisingly accurate; whilst higher up is another cave, in which Boschmans are seen combating with javelin, bow and arrows; these traces of a rude people, who have long since disappeared from this locality, are very interesting.

At the farm-house a clever-looking old woman eighty-one years of age, presented us with

cakes made with flour and mountain honey, which were very palatable. Beyond the Cedar Mountains, in the Bokkeveld, there was in 1836, a man 110 years old ; but instances of longevity beyond seventy years are rare in the colony. The people are perhaps like African oaks—they soon come to maturity and soon decay, having no winter to check their growth ; though I often thought that people here ought almost always to see one hundred years, living as they do in so fine a climate, where there are no swamps, or malaria, or fever. But men and women live grossly ; that horrid sheep's tail fat clogs the wheels of the machine. Besides, the men take, in general, little active exercise, and the women less, the former leaving any hard work to slaves, and only taking off their coats occasionally to drive a wagon, whilst the vrows sit in a corner preparing "tea-water," and get fat from inactivity, and often irritable from the carelessness of their female slaves.

What made some noise in the sub-district of Clanwilliam at this time was the murder of a coloured woman and two children at a farm-house, in the absence of the master, by two runaway slaves, who were desirous of getting arms to raise a gang of robbers ; but the murderers were eventually secured and executed.

Crime is here more frequent than it would otherwise be, through the disinclination of farmers to prosecute, as they have perhaps to ride a distance of fifty or sixty hours, and the same distance back on bringing an offender to justice.

I returned to Clanwilliam, where I experienced every mark of hospitality and kindness from the family of Mr. Ryneveld.

CHAPTER II.

Account of the Sub-district of Clanwilliam—Its Extent and Capabilities—Objection of the Dutch to Merino Sheep—Irish Settlers—Culture of the Vine—Number of Farms and Population—Wages—Villages—Roads —An Extended Boundary proposed—Dutch Grants—A Military Post or Police Station recommended—Clanwilliam ought to be a district by itself—The reasons for this—Two great wants for the Body and Soul—Resume our Journey—Dutch Hospitality — Uitkomst — Heere Logement—F. Vailant—Elephants — Ebenezer Mission Station—Inspect the Mouth of the Olifant River —Its Inundations—Movable Field Table—Kalk Gat—South African Morning — Paddegat — Namaqua Partridges—The Grease-pot—The glorious liberty of the Bush and of the Road—Battle of the Bees—Zwaartdoorn River—Nieuwoud's Field Station—Leopards and Boschmans—An Accident—The Groene River — Attention to Travellers — Snakes—Sunrise among the Mountains—Little Namaquas—Arrive at Lily Fountain.

THE sub-district of Clanwilliam is from north to south about 300 miles in extent, and from east to west 250. The fertility of all countries depends on rain: so here, after very abundant rains, the Olifant-river, (the principal one in the sub-district), overflows its banks, and then the produce is very considerable. The wards (or the divisions of the country under the charge of a field-cornet) at the mouth of the Olifant river, the Onder Bokkeveld, Bedouw, and Hantam, are considered the most fertile portions of Clanwilliam, whereas the Hardeveld is the most barren; the other wards are of a middling description.

In the wards Bedouw, Onder Bokkeweld, Hantam, and also in the Onder Roggeweld, much corn might be raised; but as the roads are sandy and heavy, and no navigable rivers, the land is used chiefly for grazing cattle. These wards also, as well as the wards of Olifant river, Berg, Lang Vley, and Clanwilliam, are well adapted for the breeding of Merino sheep.

The Dutch farmers have an objection to Merino sheep, by which stock, however, some English settlers in the Eastern province of the Cape, and many in Australia, are making fortunes. The Dutch say that they cannot be troubled with washing the wool; and that these sheep have not the fine fat tails of their own; but if I succeed (which I have several times tried to do) in introducing olive oil into the colony from trees grown on the soil, this will supply the place of the sheep's tail fat. In Clanwilliam, as in other parts of the colony, there is abundance of room for English settlers, and Clanwilliam is far removed from the verge of Caffer inroads. Some years ago a considerable party of Irish settlers was sent to Clanwilliam; but they were under bad management; and the land allotted to them was barren, and in a very hot situation. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if they turned out ill and dispersed.

The culture of the vine is at present only practised in the wards Berg and Lang Vley, Upper Olifant River, Clanwilliam, Bedouw, and on a few farms in the wards at the mouth of the Olifant river; but it is considered that it could be cultivated to any extent, and with great success, particularly about the mountain ranges, where there is always abundance of water. The

colony generally might be made "grape-abounding."

At present 370 places or farms are occupied in Clanwilliam which pay taxes; but there are many more which pay none for want of being surveyed. The Surveyor-General's department is not sufficiently large for so extensive a colony, and particularly since the old (pretended) surveys are so faulty. Farms are now found to overlap each other on the map in the most extraordinary manner. With an importation of emigrants, the strength of the department ought to be much increased.

The population of Clanwilliam is as follows:

Whites.		Hottentots.		Apprentices.		Total.
Males.	Femal s.	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
1189	1115	2566	2445	575	570	8460

But it is well known that this district could support a much greater population, which at present is very trifling compared to its great extent.

The payment of the free coloured farm servants is from six shillings per month to nine shillings. They also get clothes and tobacco periodically; and meat, meal, and vegetables daily. With the exception of a few, their character is not very good.

I inquired for sites for villages, and was told that a village could be formed in the wards Berg and Lang Vley, a short distance from Lambert's Bay, and also at the mouth of the Olifant river. Villages would increase the comforts of the farmers, and extend knowledge by the establishment

of schools. Schoolmasters are few, and generally very indifferent in the Cape colony.

Great improvements with respect to roads have already been made in Clanwilliam within the last few years; and much more might be done (without much expense to government) to render travelling from the remote parts of the district to Cape Town easier than it is at present. Punts and boats ought also to be established on the Olifant river. Thus for want of a boat at Clanwilliam last year the post was twice carried away; the first time he escaped, with the loss of his mail-bags; but the second time he was drowned.

Some purpose to extend the boundary of the colony to the Orange river, for the following reasons. There are a number of farmers living beyond the Kowsie, or Buffalo river, the limit of Clanwilliam, who have paid taxes to government for the last thirty years; these or their predecessors obtained their farms in the following strange manner. In the Dutch time they applied for places *beyond the Olifant river*. Now, in these days, the information of the Cape authorities was very limited regarding the geography of the colony, and matters were conducted in so careless a manner, that the farms in question were granted, and it turns out that, not only are they beyond the Olifant river, but beyond the boundary also, which the applicants well knew when they applied for them. These farmers continue to pay taxes, that they might have a claim on colonial protection.

Secondly, it is proposed to extend the boundary to the Orange river, because the present limit is badly defined, and in some places it is impossible to say where Clanwilliam ends.

Thirdly, it is proposed to extend the boundary, because in seasons of drought, colonists, white and coloured, itinerate beyond it to feed and water their cattle.

Yet in all this the rights of the aborigines are overlooked—the Bastaards and Namaquas; but if these people are willing to be received into the colony, and think that they would thus be better protected against robbery and oppression among themselves; then there would be no objection to the extension of the limits.

A small military post, or police station, manned by steady Bastaards or Namaquas, might advantageously be placed on the Kamiesberg, or else somewhere near the frontier, to look after the Boschmans, or other troublesome neighbours.

One thing seems to be particularly required; viz., the erection of Clanwilliam into a district, instead of being a dependency of Worcester, as at present. It is impossible for the civil commissioner of the latter to become acquainted with the wants of the inhabitants of such an extensive sub-district as Clanwilliam, except through the assistant civil commissioner. The distance, then, between Worcester and Clanwilliam being one hundred and sixty miles, great delay unavoidably and constantly takes place in the despatch of business; and in the event of hostile inroads, from the barbarous tribes beyond the boundary, very alarming results might take place before imformation could be given at Worcester, and the necessary orders returned from thence.

Again, much unnecessary trouble is occasioned to the government servants at Clanwilliam by the circuitous route by which all accounts have to pass before they can be finally settled. The assistant civil commissioner must first certify to

their correctness, then transmit them to the civil commissioner at Worcester; by whom they are sent to the auditor general, when drafts of payment are forwarded to Worcester, and thence to Clanwilliam; so that when those who have claims on government are ultimately paid, this unreasonable delay causes great dissatisfaction to the parties.

Then, in case of memorials for redress of grievances, great delay takes place: thus, a memorial is sent to Worcester—the civil commissioner being in doubt as to the correctness of the statement, it is sent to the assistant civil commissioner for his opinion, who then has to send it back; when the civil commissioner frames his report to government. Thus many weeks elapse before the memorialist can ascertain the fate of his petition.

But it is time to leave Clanwilliam village, and to go on with our expedition.

Before I proceed, however, I must notice two important points. First, there was not, when I was at Clanwilliam, a single medical attendant (government or private) from Lily Fountain, near the northern border, to Cape Town; not a person who could set a limb, or heal a wound, in a distance of four hundred miles! The care of the body being thus little attended to, it is not to be expected that the soul was much looked after.

Secondly, children of three and four years of age were not baptized in many parts of the district. The parents were most anxious to have their children baptized, and to hear occasionally the Gospel of peace themselves; and often offered to send, and did send, wagons to bring a clergyman to them, but no one, for four or five

years, had made a progress through the district; whilst in the village of Clanwilliam itself, I noticed much vice and debauchery among the coloured and *uncared for* part of the population. All this loudly calls for reform.

My people were very well attended to by that most hospitable Dutchman and worthy farmer, Henrick Vanzyl, at Uitkomst. Meat, bread, and milk, they got in plenty, and for which no remuneration was asked or expected; and I fear that my small present to the kind-hearted vrouw inadequately repaid this family for all the trouble they had with us. May their prosperity greatly increase!

We inspanned the wagon, and, refreshed with showers of rain (which here did us no damage, as the soil was sandy and unlike the rich mud of Zwartz land,) we journeyed onwards through flower-decked coppices, with a range of party-coloured mountains on our right. We arrived at Heere-logement (or Gentlemen's Lodging,) where was a pool of water, under a hill, some distance up which is a large and open cave, or klip-huis.

A small tree grows out of the fissure of the rock above, and partly overshadows the floor of the cave; whilst, on the north side, is carved the names of travellers and hunters, from the year 1712 to recent periods. Among others, conspicuous, is that of the renowned

F. VAILANT, 1783.

Looking from the cave in a westerly direction, the eye ranges over a wide extent of plain, on which bushes are scattered.

On the first of October we were on the banks of the Olifant river, which ran full and clear between steep banks which were lined with mi-

mosas and willows. Elephants have long since disappeared from this locality ; the only traces of them being the name of the river and the rude figure of one I had seen carved in the klip-huis at Heere-logement.

I turned to the left and went down the river twenty-four-miles to Ebenezer, a Rhenish mission station. Here I found a small thatched chapel, dwelling-house, and school, and the rude huts of some Hottentots near the river. The missionaries, Messrs. Knap, Terlinden, and Hande, also Mr. Lepold of Wopertal (among the Cedar Mountains) gave me a kind reception. I stayed with them two days.

The site of the institution of Ebenezer was formerly called Doorn Kraal (thorn village or pen) and was an old location of a tribe of Hottentots under a captain of the name of Louis. He and his people professed a desire to have missionaries with them ; the land amounting to 11,180 acres, was surveyed by government for them, and the German Baron, Von Wurmb, assisted with some missionaries, founded this institution in 1833, and that of Wopertal. At Ebenezer, there are at present only one hundred and eighty Hottentots on the books, but if the missionaries, succeed in leading out the waters of the Olifant river over the land, and obtain additional grazing ground on the opposite side of the river, in which I assisted them as much as I could, there is little doubt that the institution will thrive.

I got my goods ferried over the river in a boat ; and then placing a large bundle of reeds and two empty casks in the wagon, whilst the side cases steadied it, it was hauled over by a rope, and when it grounded the oxen were in-

spanned, and it was dragged up the north bank. This transit being completed, I left the wagon to go on to the next outspan place ; and then proceeded to inspect the mouth of the river with two of the missionaries.

Avoiding the sinuosities of the river we rode for two hours at a very rapid rate ; and then from an eminence saw below us the river dividing itself into two branches, enclosing an island, and then emptying itself by one mouth into the South Atlantic.

There are eight ten and twelve feet water inside the mouth, which is obstructed by rocks on which the sea beat angrily in white foam ; on the bar there are only six feet water. Flocks of gulls, sea swallows, and flamingoes desported themselves on the still waters of the river ; and it was evident that if one of the branches could be shut up, and the whole body of the water directed through a cut, which might be made through two hundred fathoms of sandstone (to the north of the mouth) that an opening might be made into a small and secure bay, and thus the river be made available for the shipment of produce.

In the Bokkeveld, muids* of corn lie unsold for years, owing to the distance from the Cape market. In the Bokkeveld wheat may be bought generally for four rix-dollars, or six shillings the muid, whilst it sells in the Cape generally at twelve or thirteen. If the Olifant river mouth could be opened, much more corn would be raised in the Bokkeveld, &c. the farms there would be materially benefitted, and the price of corn would be much lower at Cape Town.

* A muid is 200lbs.

The Olifant river rising behind Tulbagh, and flowing north and then west, is fed by several constant mountain streams. Sixty miles from its source it is joined by the Jan Dissel river; thirty miles below that by the Doorn river; after another thirty miles, by the Hol river, from which the mouth is distant twenty-five miles. In the basin inside the mouth "harder" and "springer" fish are to be caught in plenty.

The valley of the Olifant river is generally flat; therefore with much rain the river, as I said before, overflows its banks. Rich karroo mud is carried down with the flood, which upon the waters subsiding, is lightly sown with corn, and the produce is then more than one hundred fold.

It is to be regretted, however, that though there is always plenty of water to lead out over the lands, that the inundations of this South African Nile are not regular, there is no flood for three or four years sometimes; the average of considerable inundations is once in four or five. When these do occur, however, the vegetation is so rank that it is impossible to sow seed in handsful, but only by sprinkling it between three fingers here and there, and then the storks and heads of corn appear in due time like bushes thick and heavy.

We rode down to a small mat hut near the mouth, beside which a wagon stood. I found there old Henrick Vanzyl, with a fine tall light-haired and blue-eyed youth of a son, splitting, salting and drying fish. A Hottentot woman soon fried us a few, which we ate with relish; and then shoving off in a boat, we were rowed to the north bank (to have a better view of the mouth) by an old soldier of Napoleon's who had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, Dantzig, &c., had been

a prisoner at Chatham, and was also for six years in the British 60th Rifles.

Talking of a Hottentot woman reminds me that there is in this district a rival of the Hottentot Venus, if she does not excel her in the quantity of "cebaceous deposit." Rewarded by a trifle of money or tobacco, she will good naturedly allow a cloth to be spread behind, and on which four plates may be laid, thus forming a peripatetic table!

I again turned up the river, and arriving opposite to De Toit's farm, I crossed over, and with a guide, rode on in the dark, to the out-span of the wagon at Kalk gat, or lime hole, and found the people cooking and enjoying themselves round a couple of fires, behind the bushes.

Next morning, at half-past one, our Dutch conductor having a stomach ache, and not being able to sleep, awoke us, and said we must now inspan to go to the next water. At this comfortless hour, then, we got the cattle together, and were under weigh. I walked drowsily behind the wagon, shivering with cold. No one was in a good humour—my people thought of the comforts of a house, of regular sleep, and of the inconveniences of travel. Presently the moon rose and sailed for a time overhead; the approaching dawn was announced by the long boom of a beetle, repeated at intervals as we advanced; and when the first faint trace of sun-light appeared, a single bird chirruped from bushes, exhaling a perfume of aniseed; the song of birds increased till the sun rose, when we halted, and threw ourselves on the ground to repose.

Our next stage was to Paddegat, or Frog Hole, eleven hours, or thirty-three miles. We had left houses behind us at the Olifant river, and on en-

tering Little Namaqua land we traversed a wild region of bushes and brackish water. After drinking this for some time, good water tastes very insipid. At the pools, flights of Namaqua patridges rose noiselessly from the stony ground, and in coveys of eight or ten, winged their whirring flight in gyrations through the air. We shot many, and found them plump, but tough eating. These birds are improperly called patrijs, or patridge; for they are grouse with three toes; their colours are brown speckled with white; and the tail ends in a point.

I allowed of no more stomach aches, and we got up now at the more reasonable hour of four, and then inspanned and travelled till the sun was warm. It is not to be wondered at that the Dutch are occasionally annoyed with bowel complaints, from the gross manner in which they swallow grease of all kinds, pouring spoonsfúl of melted sheep's tail fat over their food, and heaping butin lumps on their bread. A supply of butter I had bought at a farm house to last us for a week, disappeared at one sitting, before two young boors invited to partake our evening meal.

I now felt all "the glorious liberty of the bush and of the road." I could dress as I liked, could rise and lie down when it suited my pleasure, went fast or slow, sang aloud or kept silent, ate my food with an appetite of the keenest Savigny edge, and was gratified with the appearance of picturesque hills and broad and verdant plains, was cheered with the sight and sound of birds and insects, while lizards of various colour, with yellow or green scales, tipped with red and gold, continually hurried across our path, or an occasional snake would glide among the stones and bushes, with its striped or spotted skin.

On the road, lightheartedness is indispensable.

"He who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mixed at best is man's estate,
By Heaven's eternal doom."

My people brought me a piece of honeycomb, and reported that there was a large supply under a rock. We proceeded to the spot to smoke out the bees with burning bushes; but Antonio imprudently poking the nest with a stick, the swarm flew out upon us in a rage. I called out to the people to keep down their hands and run. We scrambled down the rocks, hotly pursued by our foes, whilst all those who tried to knock off the bees were terribly stung; and Mr. Antonio and others were forced to plunge their heads into a pool of water to get rid of their tormentors. Thus ended the "Battle of the Bees;" which simple affair was afterwards magnified, at the Cape, into the imprudence of one of the party occasioning an attack on us by the aborigines of the country—wounds and defeat!

Travelling through broad and narrow vallies, and over green slopes bounded by hills, we reached the Zwart Doorn (Black Thorn) river, in whose sandy bed grew numerous mimosas. In a sheltered nook among the hills were two large circular huts, or wigwams, and three smaller ones, composed of bent boughs neatly covered with yellow rush mats; by them stood a couple of wagons; there were also circular kraals of bushes, for cattle. This was the field residence of Mynheer Nieuwoud.

The part of the colony we were now traversing

is drier than others, the farmers, therefore, have each at least two places of perhaps three or four thousand morgen (six or eight thousand acres) each, and to save the pasture about their houses for summer, they are in the fields, at a distance from their homes, with their cattle, during the months of July, August, September, and October, and move about from one pasture to another, in the Tartar fashion.

We outspanned near the field-cornet's, who came out, and saluting me, invited me into his rush tent. Nieuwoud was a very burly man, in a broad-brimmed hat, blue jacket, and ample skin trowsers; and, as is the custom of the boors, his pipe was seldom out of his mouth. He is a very civil man, and bears a good character for kindness to his people. His wife sat at the door, in a close cap and blue cotton gown, sewing. There were two or three long guns slung at one side, and a pair of low stools were in the hut; but neither table, chairs, nor bed; karosses, or mantles of sheep skin, spread on the floor at night, and rolled up in a corner during the day, served the place of the latter; and when the farmer gave the order to "Schenk een zoopjé" (pour out a dram), and then to "Skep op" (set the victuals on the table), a wagon chest was drawn from one side, on which a cloth was spread, and pewter plates arranged. Two large messes of boiled mutton were then produced, and boiled wheat, when, on the words "Kom zit bij," we placed our stools alongside of the chest, and each drawing a pocket knife, we made a vigorous assault on the viands, washing them down with warm milk, handed to us by a Hottentot female.

After the repast, we carried our stools outside the door, to a blazing fire in front of the hut, and

sat conversing about country matters, till it was time to retire for the night.

Leopards and Boschmans are sometimes troublesome in this district. One of the former lately killed eleven horses here, before it was destroyed itself. Boschmans hovering about the frontier too, carry off a single sheep or a cow now and then from the flocks and herds in the field, which they kill and devour in some neighbouring dell among the mountains.

The Boschmans here, as elsewhere, have neither sheep nor goats, nor do they cultivate grain or melons. At one season of the year they catch with their dogs the fawns of the springbok; at another the nests of the white ants are robbed of grass seed, and of the ants themselves for food. Flights of locusts they delight in, and honey is sometimes most abundant; roots are found after rain by their green shoots; and in the months of July and August, ostrich eggs supply the wants of these "children of the desert."

When they visited Nieuwoud in their seasons of scarcity, he killed a sheep for them, and gave them a small present of tobacco, to prevent their robbing him.

I shot a fine blue falcon, which preys on snakes, in the Zwart Doorn river; and we also got several long-tailed finches and handsome doves for the collection. Suddenly I heard in the river the very loud report of a gun, and the whistle as if of a ball. I ran towards the sound, and found Elliot with the remains of his fusee in his hand, which was cut, as was also his lip. He had imprudently overcharged his piece, which had burst and nearly destroyed him.

I now sent on two Namaqua messengers with presents of shawls to the chiefs at the Warm

Bath and at Pella, on the Orange river, to announce my approach, to say that I came with no hostile intent, but merely to see the country, and to endeavor to open a trade with the natives, and I requested the chiefs to meet me at Lily Fountain, on the Kamiesberg Mountain.

We proceeded on the 7th of October to the Groene or Green river, where the heat was very oppressive—thermometer 95° in the shade of the wagon. At night, my people being comfortably housed in the tent, and myself in the wagon, sleeping over seven rockets, one hundred pounds of powder, and six hundred ball cartridges, lightning played about us, and thunder rolled over head, whilst rain fell in heavy drops.

We next passed by the Quick river (under the great Kaimesberg range), in which I had a most luxurious bathe; and before commencing the ascent of one of the offsets of the Kamies or Lion Mountain, the farmer Rouseau and his wife (encamped on the river's bank in the usual mat hut) liberally presented me with some loaves of bread.

Few have been so much indebted for hospitality and kindness, as I have been during my various wanderings. Travellers will generally find, if they attend to the usual forms of civility without cringing, and are affable without being too familiar, that their wants will be relieved, and attention will be extended to them; particularly by women, whose hearts are readily touched with compassion for those who are far separated from friends and home.

"Ask the grey pilgrim, by the surges cast
On hostile shores, and numbed beneath the blast;
Ask who received him? who the hearth began
To kindle? who with spilling goblet ran?
Oh! he will dart one spark of youthful flame,
And clasp his withered hands, and woman name!"

Snakes now become rather rife. Magasee one day was horrified by the appearance of one with, he said, a head as big as a tea-pot, rearing itself out of a bush as he passed, and glaring at him with its fiery eyes, and hissing with its fanged mouth. It was difficult also to avoid treading on the poisonous cerastus, or horned snake, which, a foot and a half long, and of a light brown colour, with dark spots, lay coiled among the stones in our path, and whose colour it much resembled.

We reached a considerable elevation, and outspanned at a beautiful spot called Hooge (high) Fontein, where we passed the night. On the morrow there was a most magnificent sun-rise among these grand mountain scenes. The blue and distant peaks rose like islands out of a sea of mist, which filled the valleys; the white veil was lifted upward with the increasing heat; and flowering bushes, and rocks covered with red lichens, were revealed in the foreground; and then the green and broad sides of the granitic mountains were laid bare. Thus the Great Luminary converted the mountains into mighty altars, from which immense clouds of vapour rolled towards Heaven, as if nature were silently but most impressively offering a sacrifice of praise and adoration to its Divine Author.

We descended to a valley called the Two Rivers, where we found a community of Little Namaquas, belonging to the Wesleyan mission station of Lily Fountain. They were living in mat huts in a glen. The men were decently dressed in leopard skin or tanned jackets and trousers; and the women in sheepskin karosses and tanned petticoats.

We got milk for tobacco from the yellow-faced and Chinese-looking Namaquas; and passing through the valley, we again ascended by a steep road to the higher parts of the Kamiesberg, where we saw the strange koker boom, or quiver tree, with its thick and silver-green trunk, hollow arms (from which quivers are made), and leaves like those of the aloe. We passed through level tracts, which were covered with crops of corn; and on the 10th of October, a month after I had left Cape Town, we reached the elevated and beautiful Wesleyan mission station of Lily Fountain.

CHAPTER III.

The Mission Station of Lily Fountain described—View from the Kamiesberg—Life on the Mountain—An Unpleasant Summons—Ascend the highest peak of the Mountain—The Cupper—Wax-seated Visitors—Abuses—The Post—Collection of Taxes—Grasping Functionaries—Anti-Mac-a-*dam* notions—Travelling Maxims—Charity and "never mind the clamour"—Kindness and Cruelty of the Boors towards the Coloured Classes—A Miscreant described—His rebellious language and injustice—He flogs and brands his Herd—State of Religion among the Boors—Anecdote of "The Sheep and the Goats"—Easy bearing of "an injured Husband"—Trials of Strength—Cobus Bulle, the Brandy Boor—A Wife shot by her Husband—Halcyon Days.

The station of Lily Fountain is placed about 4,000 feet above the sea, and immediately under one of the peaks of the Kamiesberg. The highest peak, six or seven miles distant, and south, from the station, is estimated at 5,000 feet in height.* In the sloping mountain valley of the station is found a good church, school, mission-house, and out-buildings; a productive garden, watered by an abundant fountain, which poplars overshadow; whilst around are the mat huts of the Namaquas of the station.

My worthy friend, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw,

* My mountain barometer was broken soon after I left the Cape, as Sir John Herschel predicted it would be; for he had never found those of the same construction to stand the least jolting or rough work.

first formed this interesting station in 1817. He was succeeded by Mr. Edwards, who laboured here for fourteen years most successfully. Part of the remains of the Little Namaqua nation was here collected,—there are eight hundred on the books of the institution ; and I was quite surprised and pleased to see the quantity of land they cultivate, stimulated as they are to exertion by the missionary, under whom are two corporals and six councillors, or heads of families, elected by the people by ballot.

The Namaquas of Lily Fountain had sown latterly about 100 muids, or 20,000 lbs. of wheat annually, and had raised from this 1,500 or 2,000 muids. Mr. Edwards was absent at Cape Town when I arrived at the station, and a thin-looking corporal (Buchas) received me. I thought that he was very poor from his appearance, and I intended offering him the head and liver of a sheep I was about to kill, to keep him from starving, when I found, to my surprise, that he grew forty muids of corn annually, had a span of fourteen oxen, a wagon, twelve horses, and seven hundred sheep and goats!

Once a month disputes are settled here in council, which are principally for cattle trespassing on corn land : and those brought before the council can of course appeal from its decision to the field-cornet of the ward, or magistrate of the district. Yearly a herd is appointed, and yearly the ponds must be cleared out for the cattle. For misdemeanors there is no flogging, but a fine of goats is imposed. If honey-beer is made, the maker of it is expelled the station, and no native dances are allowed, for they open the door to vice, the dancers being in the habit of remaining to sleep where they danced, and rela

tions hearing of this, quarrels ensue. Thus the missionary, besides having his spiritual duties to attend to, the farming, carpentry, and smith's work, has much to do with the temporal matters of his people.

The winters are very severe on the Kamiesberg; snow lies there thick for two or three months; and the people almost all go down the mountain to the valley of the Two Rivers, (where the missionary ought then also to live;) but for eight or nine months the temperature is delightful on the mountain: I found it 65° and 70° generally at mid-day—with clear skies, the perfume of wild flowers, the constant rustling of the leaves of trees, and the notes of birds, to soothe one in this retreat from the vanities of the world.

Walking up the green slope behind the station to a gorge between two summits of the mountain, I saw wave after wave of hills declining towards the sea, over which a mist hung, and on which, at night, an occasional ship could be distinguished by its lights. There were numerous traces of rock rabbits about, and the Cape lark whirred aloft, and dropped to the ground with its melancholy note.

October 14.—Sunset by my watch at 6. 18. 50, observed variation 301°.

I intended to tarry on the mountain for a short time to give the chiefs, for whom I had sent, an opportunity of joining me here; and I also meditated an excursion (by request of the Governor) to inspect the mouth of the Orange river, of which no account could be found at the Cape. I therefore now practiced my people with firing at a mark; and I also collected birds and plants; arranged our stores for our future progress; and I

generally walked ten miles daily by myself, scrambling among the rocks, or through the deep valleys, in which were partridges and black and white bustards.

Returned in the evening, I sat down solitary in a small room. A light made from the fat of a sheep killed in the morning is produced; the snuffers are a bullet-mould; a pewter plate is placed on the board, and a flap of wheaten bread with a calabash of rock honey, an iron pot is brought in from the fire, into which I plunge my fork, and produce either a rabbit or a plump partridge. Moses, the handsomest of my dogs (a black and white spaniel), and the most sensible, whines at the door; he is admitted to pick the bones. A draught of churned milk finishes the repast: with my flageolet and books I conclude the evening.

This sort of life I tried to enjoy to the full, as I knew it could not last long, and I had now a strange summons to give up the expedition altogether.

It was now the 15th of October, and I received, by express from the Governor, an intimation, that having been now some time absent from my regiment (though hitherto constantly employed on military duties), the authorities at the Horse Guards proposed to place me on half-pay, if I failed to join my regiment on the 1st of January, 1837. I was much disquieted by this announcement, occasioned probably by misapprehension of the manner in which I had latterly been employed, and to silence the complaints of those who did my duty at home. I saw my hopes of promotion in the service about to be annihilated; and now, having gone on so far with the expedition, and having put my hand to the plough,

"I could not look back." I therefore wrote to say that I should risk losing my full pay sooner than now return to the Cape and to England, which last it was hardly possible that I could reach before the beginning of the year; but, at the same time, I made a strong appeal to be saved from the threatened reduction, and I urged my private friends to use their influence to save me; and I found, a year afterwards, that it was then fortunately spared, though I prosecuted the journey in the supposition that I had been put on half-pay. To try and dissipate the effects of the unpleasant announcement from the Cape, I rode off to Ezel Fountain, field-cornet Engelbreght's place, five miles south of Lily Fountain. I found there the field-cornet's son-in-law, M. Rouseau, whom I had before seen, and with him I ascended the highest summit of the Kamiesberg.

Everywhere around us were masses of mountain—we neither saw houses, trees, nor water anywhere, for a mist lay on the South Atlantic, and there was no "shining river" flowing through the wilderness: rocks of red and white quartzose rock were under foot, among which grew red everlasting flowers. South of us was a conical mountain perfectly bare, with a crown of loose rocks, and on its sides the strata appeared most distinctly inclined at an angle of 45°, and dipping to the east, where the karroo, or dry plain, was faintly seen.

I returned to Lily Fountain, where I found Taylor laid up with severe pains in the face, called zinkins in the Cape, arising from cold. I tried all sorts of remedies without effect—hot water, laudanum, &c., and he got no relief, till I made an old Namaqua cup him with a small horn, which he applied to his scarified cheek,

and sucked at the small end till the blood flowed. The Namaquas are very fond of local bleeding, and the backs and sides of many of them are thickly scored with the knife. They are not over particular about having a horn, the mouth itself being frequently applied to the wound.

At Lily Fountain one great source of annoyance to me was the lengthened visits of the boors. I was very glad to see and to make acquaintance with the farmers, from whom I received much hospitality; but it was too much to expect that my whole forenoon should be consumed in answering, at long intervals, such questions as this: If I was not afraid to travel alone;—if the Governor was "versch" (pronounced fresh), or in good health;—if the king was an old carle;—how many children the Governor had;—if they were married or single;—if I was tired of this place?

These, with their answers, would perhaps occupy an hour and a half; the lusty boor all the time sitting in the middle of the bed, for want of a chair; while I, in my turn, would ask if the farmer was married;—the number of *his* children;—would repeat the old story of the rust in the corn;—the horse sickness, and wollig schaap (Merino sheep);—asked how far it was from one place to another;—where the game was to be got:—then would hint how much I had to do;—showed my writing materials, which would merely produce a drowsy "yaw;"—would look at my watch, and, on being asked the time, hear, as usual, the reply of, "het iz niet laat" (it is early yet);—and, as a *dernier resort* to get my wax-seated visitor out of the room, I would be compelled to put on my hat, with an apology for being under the necessity of visiting a patient.

"Zo," says the boor, "I'll go with you, Mynheer;" and once up and out, he goes to look after his riding-horses turned out to graze, one of which is perhaps (fortunately for me) lost; which affords me some hours' quiet, until I give him his "bread and cheese," and see him fairly in the saddle, with "groetens ta huis" (compliments to all at home).

Luckily sometimes Cape papers would arrive, in Dutch and English, and after the usual enquiries were duly answered, I would place the papers in the hands of my visitors, to spell at their leisure, and thus be able to go on with my writing without a breach of good manners.

I found here, as elsewhere at a distance from the seat of government, that there were many abuses to correct. Thus, a letter commonly took four months to travel between Cape Town and Lily Fountain, having taken a long rest at each of the field-cornet's houses before it was sent on. A letter which had been gone for three months from the neighbourhood of Lily Fountain, was returned to the writer, an Englishman, because he had written on it Cape Town, instead of Kaapstad!

The field-cornets receive two hundred rix-dollars (15*l.*) a year, and are exempted from taxes, though "all the world" else is taxed; and yet the manner in which the opgaaf in this district is collected is most objectionable and oppressive. Instead of the field-cornets collecting the taxes, and sending, or taking, the amount to Clanwilliam, all the heads of families, white men, Bastaards, or free Hottentots, are obliged to go to Clanwilliam personally, in the month of April, the driest time of the year, (when the grass is burnt up and the water scarce), with the

amount of their opgaaf, whether it be thirty dollars or five. Thus valuable time is lost on the road, the cattle suffer severely on the journey, though some people are obliged to walk, for want of horses, and all leave their families without proper protection from vagabonds.

The field-cornets are not in the habit of sending round the Government Gazette to the farmers as they ought to do ; thus the people are kept in ignorance of the ordinances, and are not aware of the new laws which may be framed for them to obey.

But the greatest injustice is yet to be told. One field-cornet had actually appropriated to himself no less than eight places, and to five out of the eight he had no right or claim. It would have taken a man two days, with two good horses, to have ridden round this functionary's land. The following case of a certain field-cornet and his sons, exhibits the manner in which these gentry sometimes procure their places. An old farmer had occupied a loan place from government for twelve years. He died in the beginning of 1836, leaving a son Erasmus, who was lame, and who had no other means of subsistance than grazing cattle and sheep on the farm. Girt, the field-cornet's son, comes and turns *his* cattle on the place ; Erasmus complains to Girt's father, who says that Erasmus must leave the farm : that it was only a loan place ; and that he, the field-cornet, being a government dienaar (officer), can do what he likes with the land.

But the usual mode resorted to here, and in other parts of the colony, to get land is this. A farmer pretends that there is no water on his place, but that over the hill there is a fountain. He accordingly gets or takes the loan of the land

about this, and thus excludes other settlers who might wish to locate themselves in the ward. I was provoked with one farmer, an occupier of many places, saying, even at the foot of the Kamiesberg, where there is generally plenty of rain, and consequently no want of water for cultivation or grazing,—"Mynheer, what do you think of the country? You see we have no water here."

"No water!" I replied, "there is plenty if you would only take care of it. But I see no *dams* here."

"Dat is waar (that is true) Mynheer; but Cobus (somebody) made a dam once, and the water ran all out through the sand below."

"Are there not ant heaps here of fine clay," I answered, "to plaster the bottom and sides of the dam, to make it hold water? Is there not an Englishman of the name of Kennedy who set to work in this neighbourhood with a single Hottentot, and made a dam in two days with stones, clay and bushes, at the place of his father-in-law; and which dam holds water all the year round?" (This occurred two years ago, and while the work was going on one or two of Kennedy's Dutch connexions stood by with their hands in their pockets, and never offered to take off their jackets and assist him.)

"Dat is ook waar Mynheer (that is also true, sir), but all this is zeer moeĳlijk (very troublesome)."

I dislike the traveller who indulges in indiscriminate censure of any class of people; but I have also no great respect for the voyageur who pusillanimously conceals all the faults and failings of the people among whom he travels, fearing that he may afterwards be called to account if

he reveals them. Charity is a divine injunction, and the hiding of our neighbours' faults: but surely by this it is not intended that we should withhold from noticing them in all circumstances. Let us trace them to their sources, making every allowance for the situation of the parties with whom we are dealing; and let us if we can, suggest remedies.

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* * * Though as far as regards the Cape, emancipation may not have been so judiciously carried into effect as it might have been, and with justice to the slave owners (but of this more hereafter). It is anticipated, that if a thorough and sifting investigation into the rights of property is made in this and other districts of the Cape Colony, and those who have no right to farms are deprived of them, and the land given to other Dutch, German or English settlers (it matters not who they are, if they will only turn what they get to account), that the colony generally will assume a new and an improved aspect.

Though some of the farmers are kind and indulgent to their people, others treat them with the greatest severity. An example of the first class is Arnoldus Vanzyl of Keerom, who is, perhaps, too indulgent to his people, and they therefore sometimes take advantage of his good nature, whilst every wandering Hottentot is taken in by him, and his wants relieved. I for-

bear to mention the names of those who treat their people with injustice and cruelty, that the feelings of the descendants of these men, who may not tread in the steps of their parents, may be spared; but I state facts, though I suppress names.

One farmer will not allow his Hottentot shepherds to sleep during the winter's frost and snow in mat houses: they lie out unsheltered, and only defended from the bitter blast by a few bushes placed to windward of their lair. "For," says the compassionate Boor, "if the schelms (rogues) were to sleep in huts, they would let the sheep all run away."

One of the worst characters, and perhaps the most mutinous and disaffected to the English government, in the sub-district of Clanwilliam, is a field-corporal. He is loud in his abuse of the English, even before Bastaards and Hottentots. He and some of his companions, when they get together, are principally occupied in complaints such as these. "Ver doem de governmen! it presses us in every way; we de armen boeren (the poor farmers) pay for every thing. And now we cannot lift a hand to a Hottentot baviaan (ape) without having to go before the magistrate for it. In the old times we could do what we liked with them, and no one meddled with us; now, with the government and the zendelings (missionaries), we can get nothing done—Der duivel!"

Yet notwithstanding this abuse, and "the poor Boors paying for every thing," the taxes are exceedingly light—say, thirty rix dollars or 2*l.* 5*s.* (the price of an ox) for a place of three thousand morgen, or six thousand acres, which supports

many hundred head of cattle, horses, aud sheep, is surely moderate enough.

An instance of the disgraceful conduct of this field-corporal may here be given. A few years ago part of a broken tribe of Caffers wandered from the south-eastern parts of South Africa as far west as the northern boundary of Clanwilliam; and there sitting down on an unoccupied piece of land, proceeded to turn it up with their rude wooden spades, and to plant a little corn with a stick. Though these people were quite harmless and peaceable, and had settled at a distance from any farmer, yet the field-corporal mercilessly ordered them off the land; and because they did not move when he desired them, he made his herd drive his goats on the land when the corn was ripe, and eat it off. An old Caffer, watching the corn, remonstrated; but it was of no avail. The field-corporal actually sowed corn next year on the land which had been cleared by the poor Caffers, who retiring to another spot, and the persecution of this ruffian still continuing, he wrote to Clanwilliam (after the war with the Caffers on the eastern frontier had commenced), to the effect, that a body of Caffers had come into the district, and that he proposed to drive them out by force of arms, to prevent their injuring the farmers. On Mr. Ryneveld reporting this to government, he was sent up to the spot to inquire into the true state of the case; and on ascertaining that it was only a diabolical scheme of the field-corporal to get rid of the unoffending natives, he was ordered to allow them to remain on their location.

The shepherd of the field-corporal, a Bush boy, in returning home with the flock one even-

ing through a kloof or pass, stayed behind to bring up some of the lame, when a panther springing from behind a rock, destroyed two or three of the foremost sheep. The field-corporal on counting his flock missed some, and on being told by the boy where they had fed that day, he went on the "spoor" (or track), and finding the carcases, he proceeded to flog the boy most unmercifully, and then scored his back with a hot iron. The boy fled to his kindred in the wilderness, and showed his wounds, the effect of which on his people may be well conceived.

I said before that the farmers of Clanwilliam labour under the great disadvantage of not having had for years the benefit of the progress of a clergyman among them. It is therefore not to be wondered at if many of them are careless of religious observances; indeed it is a matter of surprise that any of them keep up the outward forms of religion at all, living as they do so far apart from each other and from the world. Some do attend however to family worship, and pray to their Maker, and praise him in the midst of their wives and children; though hardly any of them admit their coloured servants to the house on these occasions.

Thus a missionary told me that he had halted at a farm-house on a Saturday, intending to remain there over Sunday, so as not to be on the road on the day of rest. On the sabbath morning he proposed to the farmer to assemble the people and hold service, which he assented to, and called his wife and children.

"Where are the Hottentots?" asked the zendeling.

"The Hottentots!" cried the farmer, "you

would not have them with us also? We are told in the Bible that the sheep are to be separated from the goats, and I cannot therefore admit the Hottentots."

"Very well," said the missionary, "as I am sent to teach all mankind the way of salvation, I cannot consent to hold worship unless white and black both join in it."

The farmer would not agree to this arrangement, on which the missionary very properly went out to his wagon, and calling his driver and leader, he prayed with them. Presently he heard the people in the house singing a hymn, and then the door opened and the farmer halloed to his people to bring the horses, and tread out the corn on the threshing floor. And thus was the sabbath spent!

Though the farmers affect to have a great abhorrence for any admixture of black blood, yet, strange to say, I saw, at a farm house, several dark children running about, who, I was told, were the offspring of one of the daughters of the family by a Hottentot youth. Another of the daughters of the same family married a Boor, and, seven months after marriage, produced a black child, which a trader seeing, asked "Hoe kom dat?" (How did that happen?) When the husband coolly replied, "that one day his wife was going out and was frightened by a black man, whom she suddenly saw behind the door, and that the child became black in consequence." The wife was by, and on hearing this she merely laughed. So both parties "thought no harm."

On the morning of the 18th October the thermometer, at sunrise, at Lily Fountain, was at 40°. The day was rainy and cold.

Besides practising my people with shooting at a mark (with some loose powder and balls I could well spare,) I also made them amuse themselves with running, leaping, wrestling, and other feats of strength, to keep them employed, and to exercise their muscles. The Namaquas have two or three odd ways of trying one another's strength besides wrestling, of which they are very fond: thus, one lies flat and stiff on the ground, whilst another tries to take him up between his legs, clasping his hands behind the back of the one lying down, who, all the while, makes himself as heavy as he can. Another trial of strength is thus: one man ties a rope diagonally across his body (over one shoulder and under the opposite arm), he then goes down on his hands and knees on the grass, whilst another, holding the end of the rope, tries to prevent the first creeping along the ground. A third way, was for a stout fellow to lie with his face on the ground, whilst two others would place their legs across his back, and hold by each other's legs; the first holding the two with his arms, would then endeavour to rise and walk off with them. Henrick, my driver, proved, at these feats, to be the champion amongst the coloured people who competed with him. I found him also to be a most invaluable servant—very attentive, quiet, good natured, and respectful.

A "brandy-boor" now came on the mountain; that is, a farmer with a wagon-load of wine and spirits, who tried to dispose of "liquid damnation" (as a fanatical person at the Cape used to term brandy) to the Namaquas. This Boor was commonly known by the *soubriquet* of Cobus Bulle, as he was a big, red-faced man, with very

coarse manners. He sold his wine for a rix-dollar, or eighteen-pence the bottle, and his brandy for two shillings. I gave a hint to the corporal to look after the people, and prevent their drinking at the brandy wagon; and, accordingly, Cobus Bulle wended his way from the station, complaining of the badness of the roads, of the cold of the mountain, and, above all, of the armoedigheid (poverty) of the people, which prevented their dealing with him.

The brandy-boor was succeeded by a sturdy smith and field-corporal, 'ycleped Vander Westhuys, a good and civil man, who brought with him a young Bastaard from the boundary, who had just shot his wife. As this occurrence had taken place whilst the Bastaard was temporarily grazing his catttle beyond the frontier, Vander Westhuys was uncertain what to do with the prisoner. The case was shortly this :—the Bastaard had been married only ten months, and had lived happily with his wife; his wagon was packed and ready to return again to the colony, when, on asking for his sambok, or whip of rhinoceros' hide, his wife pointed to the ground where it lay; the Bastaard took it up, and pretended to chastise her with it; she ran at him, in a feigned passion, with a ladle, to attack him; he snatched his gun from the wagon, pointed it at her, when it went off and lodged the contents in her side! The poor girl expired in an hour. I recommended the field-corporal, instead of sending the Baastard a long journey to Clanwilliam, to send him to his father, a boor, and make him answerable for his appearance, and in the meantime to report the circumstances of the case to Mr. Ryneveld, at Clanwilliam.

Thus I spent my time at Lily Fountain, variously employed during the day, and occupying my solitary chamber at night; and I enjoyed great calm and peace of mind during "these halcyon days, far too serene to last."

"Non numero horas, nisi serenas."

CHAPTER IV.

Prepare to visit the Mouth of the great Orange River—Leave Lily Fountain—Descend the Cardow Pass—Snake Doctors—Keerom—Discovery of a Seal Island, and of a New Bay—Probable Effects of this last Discovery—Rooé Wall Bay described—Arrive at the Komakas Mission Station—The Rev. Mr. Schmelen—Leave Komakas in a horse-wagon—Our Bivouac—Ukribip—Anecdotes—The Rights of the Natives set aside—Kama—Little Namaquas described—Their Dress, Arms, Food, &c.—Would it be advisable to include them in the Colony?—A Magistrate required for the Border—Why the Natives go to the Sea to trade—How the Whalers treat them—Jackal Puts—Doorn Poort—Arrive at Aris on the Orange River.

I was preparing to set out alone for the mouth of the Orange river, when a favorable opportunity presented itself for my visiting it. Two of the Rhenish missionaries had arrived in the neighbourhood, and they wrote me to say that they proposed going to the mouth of the Great River, and to Pella, to look out a site for a new station, and that having got a horse-wagon, I might find it convenient to accompany them.

Accordingly, allotting certain occupations to my people in furtherance of our journey (such as collecting birds, procuring meal and sheep for the road, arranging the baggage, &c.), I left my men comfortably housed on the mountain, and riding with a guide by J. Coetzer's farm, from the proprietor of which I experienced much

kindness and liberality, I descended the steep, rocky, and long pass of Cardow, and arrived in the low country, at the widow Vanderkniver's, above whose residence a high peak is twisted like a corkscrew. Next passing through valleys and between hills, at mid-day I "off-saddled" for a couple of hours to refresh at the mat hut of field-cornet Agganbag. I found his three fresh and strapping daughters boiling soap, prepared with fat and the branches of the soap-bush.

A large black snake which had crossed our path, led us to talk of Namaqua poison doctors, who pretend that they possess a charm against the bad effects of snake bites, by catching poisonous snakes, squeezing the poison out of the bag at the bottom of the fangs, swallowing this, and then throwing away the snake. There are some people also who allege that they inoculate themselves and their children, to render snake bites harmless, by cutting the skin and applying snake poison to the wound; while the grand remedy of these poison doctors, when called to assist a person who has been bitten by a snake, is to wash their own greasy cap, and to give the patient the water to drink; this is doubtless a sickening dose!

A small air-piston with a glass cup; sucking the wound from a snake bite, opening it with a pen-knife and exploding a little gunpowder in it; *eau-de-luce* applied externally, and taken internally in a little water, to prevent coagulation of the blood; drinking a great quantity of milk; or olive oil applied hot to the wound, and taken inwardly; are all good remedies against the bite of poisonous reptiles.

Journeying westwards from Mr. Agganbag's field-hut, I was met on a hill side by Arnoldus

Vanzyl, Mr. Archer, a trader, and Mr. Anderson, lately the master of a merchant vessel.—We rode on to Keerom, or "turn round," as a hill prevents wagons going further to the north without a great detour.

I tarried at Keerom for the night, and was hospitably treated.

I now ascertained the existence of two new objects of interest on the map. The first is a small but productive seal island, between the Orange river and the Kowsie or Buffalo river (the last the boundary of the colony). To this rocky island the Namaquas swim from the mainland, from which it is not far distant; and, in the months of November and December, they find abundance of seals there, for the purpose of breeding. The old ones will not leave the island as long as the whelps are on it, and are thus knocked on the head with six-feet poles. In the end of 1835 two traders (Eddington and Kennedy), with the assistance of the Namaquas, had got between four and five hundred seal-skins off the island. These the Namaquas willingly gave up for five or six shillings each. They sold in the Cape for eighteen shillings; and in England from two to three pounds is got for good seal-skins. The natives dry the flesh of the seal, and subsist on it.

Four or five of the Namaquas were lately drowned by being carried out to sea with the current whilst attempting to swim to the island, after this they were glad to have the assistance of Europeans to make a raft, and assist at the capture of the seals.

The next discovery of importance in this neighbourhood, which I shall now notice, is that of a new bay called Rooé (red) Wall Bay, about

forty miles to the south of the Zwartlintjes (black ribbon) river, and close to the mouth of the Spook (or ghost) river.

The north-western part of the colony labours under the serious disadvantage of being at a great distance from a market. Three weeks or a month are usually consumed on the road between Lily Fountain and the Cape with an ox-wagon; and the roads in many places are sandy and bad.—The farmers therefore in the Bokkeveld, and other wards of Clanwilliam, seldom attempt a journey to the Cape: and though they may raise corn, they cannot dispose of it; they therefore content themselves with getting clothes for themselves by exchanging their cattle and horses with one or two traders (who frequent this part of the colony) for goods; and by growing sufficient corn for their own consumption. Thus they do not go much beyond "clothing for their backs and bread for their children."

It will therefore be immediately seen how the condition of the farmers would be improved by their being able to export produce by sea from their immediate neighbourhood, by which means, also, greater supplies would be thrown into Cape Town; and the farmers would obtain the necessaries they require at a much cheaper rate than they do at present.

For some time there had been a rumor that there was a bay on the west coast of the colony, near to the frontier, which might be turned to account; but no one from the Cape had proceeded to examine into the truth or falsehood of this; when I found that Mr. Anderson, before mentioned, had come up privately, in the employ of two or three Cape traders, to search for this bay,

and he had discovered it, though, until I made it known at the Cape, it was kept secret.

Rooé Wall Bay derives its name from lofty cliffs of red sandstone which face the sea at its eastern extremity. It is an indentation in the coast line of less than a mile in length and breadth; the entrance is broad, and across it blows the two dangerous winds at the Cape, the N. W. and S. E., so that it is sheltered, except from the western swell of the South Atlantic. Precipitous cliffs are on the two sides of the bay, and two sandy beaches at the bottom of it, separated by a mass of rocks. These sandy beaches are favourable for hauling the seine, and abundance of excellent fish are to be procured here; such as the delicious Roman fish, Hottentot, "Jacob Fever," mullet, stump nose, and clip fish.

There is one danger on entering the bay; viz., a rock on which are only two fathoms of water, and twelve fathoms all round it:—a buoy will easily point out this danger. At the entrance of the bay the depth is twelve fathoms, which decreases to six, four, and three and a half. In five and a half fathoms there is good anchorage in the middle of the bay, with sand and shells. All about the bay, the land is covered with shrubby plants, and there is grazing for cattle: the soil is sandy, and drinking-water is to be procured by digging on the beach. There are plenty of shells for lime on the coast, and abundance of drift wood about the mouth of the Orange river.

Rooé Wall, therefore, affords every possible facility for shipping produce, and also for salting provisions and establishing a fishery; and it is earnestly to be hoped that it may be the means of "opening up" the "section of country in which it is situated.

Leaving old 'Nolus Vanzyl enjoying a *kettle* of "tea water" (for he makes a boast of being able to drink this beverage "geheel dag," from morning to night, "at no allowance"), and sweetening it with a foot square of honeycomb, I rode by Wild Paard Hoek (Zebra's Corner), and the corn fields of Komakas (red clay), and arriving at the London Mission station of that name, I was kindly received by the worthy old German missionary the Rev. Mr. Schmelen.

Komakas consists of a long mission house of one story, a church, and outbuildings, situated under a mountain of about a thousand feet high, and facing the south, and some rocky hills. In the valley, and opposite the buildings, were the mat huts of the Bastaards and Namaquas of the institution. To save the grass about the station for another season, most of the people of Mr. Schmelen were in the field with their flocks and herds, and only about thirty or forty were now present.

There was a small wind-mill for grinding corn, also a good garden; and no less than five fountains of excellent water were in this green and secluded valley, in which the distant roar of the sea can be heard, and over which peace seemed to wave her olive branch.

> Sweet peace of heart, from false desire refined,
> That pours Elysian sunshine on the mind,
> That soars with strong and steady flight sublime,
> Where disappointment never dared to climb.

Mr. Schmelen had laboured for upwards of thirty years in the wilderness of Great and Little Namaqua land, and in the region of the Orange river, principally. No one can be more highly respected than he is by the natives; among whom

he has been very successful as a teacher, and over whom he has great influence. Single and solitary, he wandered about with the people, living often on game, and without bread, for a great length of time. He established the station of Bethany, occupied it for some years, and at last was forced to abandon it, as shall afterwards be recounted: he had travelled further to the north in Great Namaqua land than any white man previously.

Mr. Schmelen is compactly made, and combines great energy with excellent judgment and good nature. His first wife was a Great Namaqua woman, who led a most exemplary life, and by whom he had several children: his second wife is from the Cape, and is most active and indefatigable as a school mistress. May they both long labour in their sphere of usefulness.

I found the Rhenish missionaries, Messrs. Lepold and Terlinden, at Komakas. Our few arrangements were soon completed for a visit to the mouth of the Orange river—such as laying in a small supply of bread and dried meat, in skin bags, rolling up our sheepskin karosses or mantles, to sleep in, and placing them, with two or three fowling pieces, in a light horse wagon.

We left Komakas on the 27th of October, with eight horses, and passing round the western extremity of the mountain, we jc urneyed north over a flat covered with bushes, al l with mountains on our right hand. We went on at a rapid rate, old 'Nolus Vanzyl holding the reins, and an active Hottentot the long bamboo whip. Occasionally the Hottentot jumped off to flog the sluggards, and ran alongside of the wagon for some distance when the horses were at a gallop, and then sprung on the wagon again. We did not travel on a rail-

way, and in a horse wagon it is rough work for the bones when the team "goes ahead."

After five hours' ride, we arrived late at the Kowsie river, the boundary of the colony, and passing through its dry bed, and the mimosa and dubbee, or tamarisk trees which lined its banks, we outspanned for the night on the north side of the river, at a place called Bont Köe, or Brindled Cow. We turned the horses out to graze in the dark, collected some dry bushes to make our fire and boil a kettle, and after a light supper, eaten whilst seated on logs and small water kegs, a hymn was sung, and kneeling in the sand, thanksgiving and prayers were devoutly offered up. After which, shaking the sand out of our shoes, and putting them on again for fear of hungry dogs or hyenas carrying them off in the night, we cleared the stones from a lair of sand, and rolling ourselves up in our sheepskin karosses, without, of course, undressing, we slept uninterruptedly till daylight.

We found the horses by their "spoor" some distance off, and inspanning, we pursued our evening journey, and saw the traces of ostriches and zebras. After four hours' ride we outspanned. On the following day we lost the horses for many hours, as they could find no water, and therefore had strayed in search of it.

Three hours' ride took us to Ukribip (Scratch Claw Place), where beside a pool of water lay two or three families of Little Namaquas in mat huts.

Whilst lately staying for a night at a farm-house within the colony, but near the borders, I had been rather amused with a white man coming into the room where I was writing, and with

some preparatory hems, and twisting of his hat, saying, "Sir, I am sorry to interrupt you."

"Never mind, can I assist you in any way?"

"Yes, sir, I think you can."

"Tell me in what way."

"Well, sir, I sent in a memorial some time ago to government for two places, where I think I could make a living: they are named Ukribip and Nubip: they are a little way beyond the Kowsie."

"Why, that is beyond the boundary!"

"There are other farmers on places beyond the Kowsie, and I hope that I also may get the places I have applied for, for I have a wife and two children, and Ukribip is only a few hours from the Seal Island."

"And what, pray, would you do with the Namaquas who are now living at Ukribip?"

"Why, they are lazy, and must just move further north, to the Orange river."

This is a sample of the little regard which is paid to the rights of the aborigines by people who have been born and bred to believe them merely denizens of the soil at sufferance.

With fresh horses, procured at Ukribip, we galloped on at a rapid rate, and ascending an eminence, found ourselves at a Namaqua hamlet called Kama (water place), where were about a dozen huts among the hills.

The people here exhibited the old dress of Namaqua land. Many of the men wore a leathern girdle, from which in front was suspended part of a jackal's skin with the fur outward, whilst behind dangled a square piece of stiff leather, conical fur caps were on their heads, a karosse or mantle of sheepskin depended from their shoulders, whilst sandals or buskins of untanned lea-

ther were on their feet. In their hand they commonly bore a jackal's tail on a short stick, and with this Namaqua handkerchief they brushed the perspiration or dust from their eyes and face, and then dexterously twirled it between their palms.

The men were thin and athletic, of an olive-brown complexion, and with short noses, pouting lips, and narrow but keen eyes; their general height was five feet six or seven inches.

For arms they had some old muskets and long guns obtained from the colony, (for four, six, or eight oxen each piece) besides assegers or javelins, composed of a slender shaft, five feet long with a small blade of iron inserted into the upper end, which was bound round with leather—a knobbed stick to throw at game, with which they are very dexterous—and bows and arrows; the former is about three feet long, and is strung with the back sinews of deer, the latter are composed of a reed shaft, into which is inserted a polished piece of sharpened bone, which is usually surrounded at the point with a black waxy looking substance; this is poison prepared with gum from the milky sap of the euphorbia, and it kills the game without destroying the wholesomeness of the flesh; occasionally a few of the arrows have a barbed head of iron. Two dozen arrows are contained in a case of leather, or of the koker or quiver tree (aloe dichotoma).

The women wore skin petticoats, or the Namaqua broek karosse, consisting of a prepared sheep or goat skin, so arranged, as to depend from the waist in a broad oval flap behind, and in front to be only a few inches in depth, where also a tortoise shell with a long fringe of leather thongs was suspended; this bunch of thongs reached to

their ankles, and with it they sometimes chastised the children. The breasts were uncovered, strings of porcelain or glass beads were upon the neck, the woolly hair of the head was carefully concealed with a striped cotton handkerchief, though further in the interior a covering of softened leather is used; from the shoulders hung an ample sheep skin mantle ornamented at the nape of the neck with a square piece of leather, on which black and white chequers of goat skin were sewed. They took off the kaross when employed in any hard work.

The young women were plump, good looking, and fairer than the men; the elderly females were invariably much wasted. The children were naked and looked healthy.

The general fare of old and young was the milk of their cattle or goats collected in cylindrical wooden vessels, called "bambus," they had often only this simple fare morning and evening for weeks together; they are reluctant to kill their sheep unless they meet with some injury, to kill a heifer is a rare occurrence, so that if not successful in procuring game, such as the eland, springbok, or ostrich, they content themselves with milk, a lump of gum from the *acacia capensis*, or bulbs and roots discovered by their leaves appearing on the surface after rain.

The huts were the same round-topped and circular-mat-covered ones which we had seen the boors use on their spring pastures within the colony; and their furniture consisted of little else than a few skins, whilst the bambus were suspended from a forked stick opposite the low door.

There was no sign of cultivation round the

hamlet of Kama, though sometimes a little tobacco is grown by the people, and melons raised. The value of tobacco in Namaqua land is such, that for it many of the men would not hesitate to give up their wives and daughters; and a roll of it, some distance from the colony, will purchase an ox.

The pipes of these Namaquas were composed of green serpentrine from the Kamiesberg, and were straight tubes three or four inches long, narrowing at the mouth piece, and not broader at the other end than to permit their insertion into the common brass tinder box. These pipes were neatly turned and ornamented with a little carving.

"Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour!
Happy thrice and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, when again the night returns,
When again the faggot burns,
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed!"

The Little Namaquas are a good people; they are neither vindictive nor blood thirsty; like other barbarous people they are quite regardless of the value of time—the men lie in the sun when not driven to the field to procure game—whilst the women make and mend clothes, and milk the cows and goats. The Little Namaquas are sensual, and have two or three wives if they can afford to keep them—though the missionary does all he can to prevent this sinful practice. Through him also, they have a knowledge of religion. Though dancing is discouraged by the

missionary, yet both it and the drinking of honey beer is practised privately.

The Namaquas put up a scherm, or schreen, for us of boughs and mats, and with a fire at our feet, we lay there comfortably. On Sunday the 3d, the people were assembled round the scherm, divine service was performed in Dutch, and was translated by an interpreter into the clicking Namaqua language.

We ate here the thick and reddish root called *canna*, the more slender are called *quibé*, and some bulbs which, when roasted, formed a good substitute for bread.

For four months in the year, (from July to October, inclusive,) the people lie at Kama; the rest of the year is spent at the Great River.

In all 1835, owing the drought, there was not a soul between the Kowsie and Orange rivers. The people living between these rivers, amounting only to a few hundreds, would have no great objection to be placed under the colony. They could not, of course, pay taxes in money, but could give a fat ox annually, in token of allegiance to Her Majesty. It has always been the object of Mr. Schmelen (under whose charge these people consider themselves to be,) to impress on the minds of the Namaquas the necessity of conducting themselves as if they actually lived in subjection to the colonial laws; and they have, therefore, a very salutary respect for English authority. If placed under the colonial government, the people would be more under the control of the missionary; and of course no white man would be allowed, on any pretence whatever, to use their watering places or occupy their grazing grounds.

The presence of a resident magistrate, alto-

gether unconnected with the farmer, is particularly required about the Kamies mountain, or at some other convenient place near the frontier, to protect the Namaquas who might be inclined to come there and barter their cattle for goods.

Many of the Namaqua tribes are very rich in cattle, which they would willingly barter within the border for cloth and cutlery; but they are afraid at present to venture into the colony without being adequately protected. I asked one or two of those living about the Orange river why they never took their cattle into the colony, but preferred going to Angra Piquena Bay with their herds; before reaching which they oftened suffered most severely from thirst on the road, and when they did get there, they were often grossly imposed upon by the whalers; obtaining only two quart bottles full of coarse powder, or forty bullets, for an ox; and even sometimes being made drunk, and getting nothing at all for their property. To this they replied, that they had tried once to take cattle into the colony, but that the first farmers they met abused them—asked them whose cattle these were they had stolen; if they had been plundering the Damaras; and said, "*Vordoem de Hottentots!* what business have they with cattle?" So becoming afraid of violence, and seeing they had little chance for fair dealing with the white men, they had never ventured to the borders of the colony again.

One cannot conceive a more dastardly and selfish spirit than that which could induce white men to behave in the manner that some of the whalers do. The natives wish to deal fairly, and part with their property, in their ignorance,

for the value of a few pence; and, not content with getting them on these terms; the captains and crews of some whalers actually rob the natives; careless of the bad effect which this conduct will have in future dealings between the ships and the Namaquas.

On shore everything is promised; but when the natives are induced to go on board with their cattle, they are either frightened into parting with them for next to nothing, or they are made drunk, and sent on shore without any remuneration; and still, with all this, they prefer Angra Piquena to the colony.

I said, "a magistrate unconnected with the farmers is required on the borders." At present the magistrate at Clanwilliam is too far distant, and the field-cornets and the farmers are all related or connected; every one is oom or neef (uncle or nephew) to his neighbour, so that it is not very likely there can be much justice got out of a field-cornet, on the servant of his nephew complaining of ill treatment. Besides, most of the old farmers cannot get over their thorough contempt for the coloured races. It is, therefore, evident, that unless the magistrate is a man without local connexions and prejudices—unless he does what is right, without minding the breath of popular applause—the *vox popularis auræ*—he will do little good in this quarter. But that a good and upright magistrate is necessary here is very evident; particularly if Rooé Wall Bay is made available, and there is a brisk cattle trade in Namaqua land.

We left Kama, and in seven hours arrived at a place called Jackal Puts or Holes, where we slept under the lee of the bushes, and before dawn we were awoke by the uneasy yelping of a troop

of "lion's providers," which came close to us, though we could not see them. Most of the dogs of the country can catch the jackal, one species of which is exceedingly handsome, with reddish sides, whilst down the back is a broad black and grey stripe: fourteen skins of this sort of jackal make a beautiful and valuable kaross.

Doorn poort (thorn pass)—two hours—was in a chain of mountains in continuation of the Kamiesberg range, and then three hours through heavy sand, brought us to Aris, a Namaqua village of about twenty huts, where we first saw the great Orange river.

CHAPTER V.

Sketch of the Gariep, or Great Orange River—Its Beauty and Utility—Why White men are likely soon to sojourn on its Banks—Abundance of Copper, Iron, Ebony, Gum, Bee's-wax, &c. are to be found there—Floods—Hippopotami—Awkwardly situated—Alligators—The Author sits in Council at Aris—An attempt at gross imposition on native credulity—Leave Aris for the Orange river Mouth—Immense Flocks of Wild Fowl—Game—The Mouth of the River—Can it be entered?—A Boat Bay—Interesting Discovery of Copper—An Orange River Copper Company proposed—The String Gun—Leave Aris—Ostrich Chase—Habits of the Ostrich—Its Enemies—Ukribip—The Kowsie—Heat—The Secretary Bird—Komakas—Keerom—The Gemsbok—Lily Fountain—The Rev. Mr. Edwards and the Chief Abram—Mission School—Story of an Old Woman—Merinos—English Instruction for Native Children recommended—The Robber Stuurman—The "Shrikkelijk reis."

THE Gariep, or Orange River, is the most important natural object on the map of South Africa. Traversing the great continent from east to west, divided in its upper course into three considerable branches, the Nu, Ky, and Maap, (the black yellow, and muddy) Gariep, its waters roll from a lofty mountain range to the ocean, over a distance of a thousand miles.

All those who have had the good fortune to see the Gariep agree in praising its beauty. Its broad stream at one time rushes tumultuously over a rocky and shelving bed, then is spread out into a translucent lake, then is hurried over

a rock four hundred feet high, forming a grand cataract, sweeps in its course round numerous islands, some of them inhabited by banditti, and others by hippopotami. Its banks are every where clothed with a broad belt of thorn, willow, and black bark trees, alive with the notes of birds, whilst the strangely shaped hills which so frequently enclose the river, form the most exciting scenes, from their wildness and air of romance, that can possibly be conceived.

It is difficult to speak of the Gariep otherwise than in the most enthusiastic terms. Besides its beautiful African features, its utility is very great. To the wandering tribes dwelling near it affords an unfailing refuge in seasons of drought and famine. Rich grass is always found under the trees. Birds are numerous, and there is plenty of fish, though the natives seldom trouble themselves to draw any supply of food from the waters of the river.

That there will be white men sojourning on the banks of the Orange river at no distant day, I have little doubt; for I found, at convenient distances from the river, great store of valuable iron and copper ores, for which there is always a great and increasing demand in Europe. Their accessibility is their great recommendation here, also their being placed in a dry and healthy climate, and amongst tribes who can easily be conciliated with small presents, and who might even be tempted to assist in working the mines.

But there may be even the more precious metals found along the course of the Gariep; the desolate and dreary regions near the river may yet be found to teem with subterranean wealth of gold and silver, to compensate for their forbidding exterior. But besides the ores we know to exist near the river, the timber is very

valuable. I found abundance of ebony, the *Royena decidua*, the bark of which is so well adapted for tanning, and various thorn trees, which would be well adapted for building. Gum might also be collected in any quantity from the acacias along the river, sufficient, I should think, for the consumption of England; of shell lime there is plenty on the coast; and bees' wax also could be procured in great abundance along the river. A Namaqua, who had a wagon, assured me, and I have no reason to doubt him, that on a honey hunt he filled his wagon with skin sacks of honey above the side planks in two or three days.

The Gariep is sometimes a traitor in its sudden rising. A party encamped on the banks may have seen no indications of rain for a long time, when a few clouds may be seen to hang over the mountains in the distant east; and at night the river may come careering down in a mighty flood, spreading over its banks, covering the trees, and carrying destruction to every miserable object exposed to its influence.

Besides trees torn up by the roots and rolling down the flood, sick or wounded hippopotami are sometimes borne down from the upper parts towards the mouth; these, occasionally before they reach the sea are fixed in the trees, and on the subsiding of the waters, they remain (in Dutch phrase) "spurtelen," or kicking among the branches. It must be rather curious to see such monsters aloft; but the natives lose no time in stupid wonder, but quickly despatch them with their javelins, and make merry over the rich spek, or fat under the skin.

The hippopotami, "whose bones are as strong pieces of brass, and whose bones are like bars of

iron," in the upper parts of the Gariep, remain during the day in deep parts of the river, commonly known by the name of sea cow holes (zee koe gatten,) and issue out to feed on grass and foliage at night. A swimmer is in some danger on entering one of the sea-cow holes, from the immense mouth and teeth, "terrible roundabout," of the monsters which inhabit them. And when the mighty river horse lifts its head to breathe, the nostrils, small ears and eyes, are in one line, and on a level with the surface of the water, and therefore there is not a large object presented to the marksman. The natives make pit falls for the hippopotami on their paths along the banks.

That there are alligators in the Orange river I have little doubt, for the dread leviathan, "whose scales are his pride, shut up together like a close seal, who maketh the deep to boil like a pot, and a path to shine after him; before whom iron is as straw, and brass as rotten wood," occurs in the rivers under the same parallel of latitude on the east coast; and though I am not aware that any white man has seen an Orange river alligator, the natives on the banks told me that at night they heard occasionally cries from the river like those of children, such as I heard on the banks of the Mississippi; and that a short time before I visited the Orange river, a cow calved on the banks near the mouth, and that a creature crawled out of the water and devoured the calf.

There were about one hundred people lying at Aris, with flocks and herds; they were very friendly disposed; and Paul Lynx, the chief of the Orange river, a strapping fellow, with one eye, and a peculiar savage look, came with two or three of his counsellors, and laid this case be-

fore me for decision, and on which we sat in solemn conclave in a mat hut.

That for ten or twelve years Paul Lynx's people had caught the seals on the island before mentioned, had preserved their flesh, on which three hundred had annually subsisted, and had sold their skins. That lately, a white man, anxious to acquire possession of the Seal Island, though it was many miles beyond the border, had actually memorialized the Governor for it, and had shown them a paper which he said was the Governor's answer to his memorial, granting him the Seal Island. He had asked Paul to put his mark to a paper, giving up the Seal Island, or allowing this trader alone to obtain the skins at his own price. The Namaquas then asked me if the Governor had any power to give away their Seal Island ; and if I thought he had done so. I said he certainly had no power to grant to any one an island which was at least forty miles beyond the border ; and that the paper which had been shown them must be a forgery (which it was), and that they might rest assured that no Governor of the Cape would attempt to annoy them, or deprive them of their property. They then said, " We shall shoot the white man if he attempts to catch seals on our island." I told them on no account to use any violence ; but that if any white man (besides their friends Eddington and Kennedy) belonging to the colony attempted to interfere with them, they ought to inform their missionary, Mr. Schmelen, and that he would lay the matter before the Governor of the Cape, and thus obtain justice for them, and the punishment of the intruders.

A little below Aris the Orange river was about

five hundred yards wide, and I waded across it without difficulty to Great Namaqua land.

Having obtained a span of oxen from the people of Aris, we inspanned, and proceeded among sand hills down the left bank of the river. After travelling about twelve miles, and seeing the mighty bones of a river horse on the road, which had been killed and eaten here twenty years before, but not before it had destroyed a hunter; we came to the end of the trees, where the river was seven hundred yards across; and as we approached the mouth we saw several green islands on which troops of horses belonging to the Namaquas were feeding.

We outspanned at three miles from the mouth, at a post or beacon on which "De Graaff, Landdrost, 1809," was carved, and notwithstanding a slight shower of rain, we slept soundly among the bushes. In the morning we were awoke by the cries of innumerable flocks of wild fowl. We soon jumped up and stole down with guns to the bank, to get a shot at the wild geese, which were leading their young to the water, over the soft mud, whilst flamingoes, with snow-white bodies and red beaks and legs, and rosy blush on the wings, stretched their long necks over head, and like winged rods flew round us. Wild ducks with reddish breasts, rose noisely from the river, which now expanded into a lake of four miles in breadth. Flocks of pin-tailed grouse flew swiftly about us, with their lively note, "tsué, tsué;" sand-pipers ran along the wet sand and mud, and, in short, the quantities of wild fowl we saw here were immense, the air was darkened with them, and the shore constantly resounded with their cries—"*littora resonant strepitu.*"

Hares I found in plenty at the Orange river mouth ; there is also the large elandbok to be found here ; and an immense snake is occasionally seen whose trace on the sand is a foot broad. The natives say, that when coiled up, the circumference of this snake is equal to that of a wagon wheel; and when it visits the Orange river mouth it is a sign of a good season for rain.

We mounted horses and rode along the lake to the mouth ; the country was everywhere flat, and without landmarks ; and as the mouth of the river overlaps as it were, it is very difficult to hit it from seaward. The Twin, or Buchu, Mountains, at Cape Voltas, a few miles to the south, is the best point to make for, previous to searching for the mouth of the Gariep.

Vast quantities of excellent dry timber for firing lay about, brought down by the floods of the river. At last we saw a line of breakers assailing the sandy beach with hollow roar, and stretching right across the mouth, which was merely an opening of about one hundred and seventy yards, between two points of sands, on which sat a line of penguins and gulls:—outside lay the ocean ;—

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free!
Over time itself victorious—
Image of eternity!

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?

I saw no rocks or dangers here, nor did I hear of any rocks from the natives, in or about the mouth. There is probably a shoal of sand out-

side; but, with care, it seemed that the mouth of the river could be entered by a schooner. I never heard that any soundings had been taken at the mouth of the Orange by the African surveying vessels: and the increasing wants of the Cape Colony demand a far more detailed survey of the south, south-eastern, and south-western coast of Africa, than any that exists at present.

From there being so much wild fowl at the mouth of the Orange, plenty of excellent fish; as "springer" and "harder," for the seine, and abundance of grass and fire-wood; a few industrious families could make a good living here, taking care to "pitch their tents" out of reach of the line of inundation.

I asked for bays about the mouth, and was told that a short distance south of it (say two miles) there was one. I accordingly rode there, and found a boat bay, or inlet, into the rocky line of coast, of about five hundred yards in length and two hundred across, in which small craft might securely anchor. I was also told that there is another bay near Cape Voltas; but which I had not an opportunity of visiting.

We rode back to our wagon across a country composed of sand and scattered bushes, and in which numerous mole-holes rendered riding dangerous. A feeling of heart-sinking took possession of one in traversing these hot, flat, and lonely wastes, on which there was no object to interest one, and no sound struck the ear, except the distant bellow of the breakers, and the clamour of the wild-fowl at the debouchure of the Great River.

After some more skirmishing with the geese, for our pot, we inspanned, and again tracked over the twenty miles to Aris.

I now made, by means of an old Bastaard—William Joseph, the interesting discovery of a large mass of copper, which exists about sixty miles E.S.E. of Aris, and about twenty miles from the south bank of the Orange river. This copper is quite accessible, and it might be either smelted on the spot, with Orange river wood; of which, as I said before, there is plenty; or the ore might be floated down to the mouth on rafts, which rafts might then be sawn up, and sent to the Cape, where wood is always in great demand for building; or the ore might be transported in wagons to the sea, and shipped from Cape Voltas, or the mouth of the Great River,

A son of William Joseph was hunting in 1834, when he came to a spot abounding in green stones, and following the direction of these, he found masses of green rock. He brought home pieces of these, and on melting them a blue flame arose, and bright copper ran in the fire, from which bullets were cast.

I brought away a quantity of this ore from the river, which was assayed by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape, and from a picked specimen, sixty-five per cent. of metal was the return; another specimen, taken at random from the others, yielded twenty-eight per cent. in London. Now the richest of the South American mines yield only twenty-five. In consequence of the discovery of this *accessible* Orange river copper (and there is also I know rich copper one day's journey north-east of Keerom, within the colony), several men of business in London have communicated with me regarding the establishment of an Orange River copper company.

The natives, as I mentioned before, are friendly disposed. None occupy the ground where the

Orange river copper is, and if white strangers were kept under proper restraint and control, the natives would be pleased to see them among them, for the sake of the articles of European manufacture which would be introduced among them. The natives might even be induced to assist in working the mine. There is no sickness upon the Orange river, and the heat is troublesome only during our European winter months.

By reference to the map, it will be seen that I subsequently found iron not far off. There are also indications of coal near the iron, and as the site of these valuable ores of iron and copper is far beyond the colony, no expense would be incurred in purchasing a right to work them, and it is to be hoped that they will before long be turned to good account.

The Aris people brought me a fine leopard, which they had just killed with a string-gun, set among bushes. The leopard had been troublesome among the horses. The manner in which the gun is set is simply thus ;—two short stakes are driven into the ground near the leopard's haunt, at the distance of three feet from each other ; the ramrod is taken out of the loaded gun ; a short stick is tied across the stock in rear of the lock ; from one end of the stick a string communicates with the trigger, from the other end a long string leads past the cock and through the ramrod guards ; and the gun is then fixed to the stakes at a height of fifteen inches above the ground, to take a leopard in the breast ; the other end of the long string communicates with a piece of meat, and the gun is carefully concealed with the bushes. Some skill is required to fix the muzzle of the gun at the proper height

for wild animals, from a lion to a jackal, but the natives are expert, and the charge seldom fails to take effect.

Whilst the river was rapidly filling, we left Aris, travelled south again, and saw many ostriches. I left the wagon, and went across the country on foot in pursuit of a pair of these gigantic birds. I thought I could manage to get within shot of them by creeping and running among the bushes, but I found out after a hard run of half an hour, why long necks were given to ostriches. They looked over the bushes every where, and with their black bodies and white tails, and wings outspread, their pillar-like legs and the wind soon carried them far out of my reach.

According to native testimony, the male ostrich sits on the nest (which is merely a hollow space scooped out in the sand) during the night, the better to defend the eggs from jackals and other nocturnal plunderers; towards morning he *brommels* or utters a grumbling sound, for the female to come and take his place; she sits on the eggs during the cool of the morning and evening. In the middle of the day, the pair, leaving the eggs in charge of the sun, and "forgetting that the foot may crush them, or the wild beast break them," employ themselves in feeding off the tops of bushes in the plain near their nest.

Looking aloft at this time of day, a white Egyptian vulture may be seen soaring in mid air, with a large stone between his talons. Having carefully surveyed the ground below him, he suddenly lets fall the stone, and then follows it in rapid descent. Let the hunter run to the

spot, and he will find a nest of probably a score of eggs (each equal in size to twenty-four hen's eggs), some of them broken by the vulture.

The jackal is said to roll the eggs together to break them, whilst the hyena pushes them off with its nose to bury them at a distance.

On the 5th of November we were again at Ukribib, thermometer 87° at noon, wind south, and at the Kowsie on the 6th the heat was 103°, with a parching wind from the north. We shot a couple of steenboks, but had great difficulty in getting water in the Kowsie at this time. We dug with our fingers in the sand, and got at last, by creeping on our hands and knees into a hole, some brackish and fetid water, to moisten our meat, with which we had neither bread nor salt.

A tall and beautiful secretary bird, with its blueish plumage, its "black breeches and grey stockings," and quills stuck behind its ear, marched along fearlessly and unharmed near the wagon, on the look'out for snakes, of which it is the mortal enemy. It pounces on them with its strong feet, and shields itself with its wing, when the reptile, with swollen head, red eyes, and horrid mouth, erects itself in vain to intimidate the bird. A tame secretary, on seeing a rope drawn along the ground, mistaking it for a snake, will dash at it, and trample upon it fiercely.

Again we reached Komakas; and inspanning a light horse cart, I drove off with 'Nolus Vanzyl to Keerom, by a very rough mountain road.

A bull gemsbok (which with its long and straight horns is a match for a lion, single handed) had been lately about the Kloofs at Keerom; 'Nolus sent out his son to watch and shoot it; he

did so, after some trouble, and on cutting it up, no less than thirteen balls were found in it, besides the marks of others which had gone through. The gemsbok is well known to the natives to be very tenacious of life, whereas the eland is easily killed, and soon dies even if it breaks its leg only.

The height of a bull gemsbok is about three feet and a half at the shoulder; the horns two feet and a half; the tail is a black switch. The white face is crossed with two bands of black; the general colour of the body is iron-grey, which is separated from the white belly by a black band. From the marked contrast of colours on the gemsbok, and its formidable horns, its appearance is very wild and warlike, and only young lions venture to attack it.

I rode by Wolfpoort and the Cardow to Lily Fountain, where all my people were well, and anxious to proceed; and here I now found the Rev. Mr. Edwards, with his wife and family, returned from the Cape, and the chief Abram, of the Bondelzwart (bundle of blacks) Namaquas, with three men, waiting to see me.

Abram is one of the ugliest men that can be conceived. His figure is tall and good, but his face is most disagreeable to look on, with a flattened nose, wide mouth, hollow cheeks, high cheek bones, and narrow eyes. He was dressed in a claret coloured jacket and leather trousers.

I gave Abram a present of a green cloak and medal (with the cipher of the king on it) from government, and a pipe and some small articles from myself; and having thus endeavoured to please him, I asked him what he thought of a journey towards the Damara country. He said he was

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very much afraid of it (and it was evident by his bearing that he was a coward), that the Damaras were very wild, that he had no influence beyond seven days' journey north of the Warm Bath, that in his own country he would do what he could for me, but that he was at variance with the Orlam Namaquas beyond him.

He was also alarmed about the Great river filling again, was very anxious to go back to his kraal, and on my asking him if he thought I could get pack oxen to purchase among his people; he said, he did not think I could. This rather surprised me, and determined me to pick up some if I could about the Kamiesberg :—all I could get, were six from Mr. Archer the trader.

Abram promised to come with his swimmers to assist us over the Great river, and then took leave. Till the field-cornet and the twelve Boors were ready to escort me, by order of the Governor, over the river (to produce a good impression on the natives), I spent a few agreeable days on the mountain.

I said before that many of the old farmers consider the coloured classes in so inferior a light, that they think them quite unworthy of worshipping the Deity in common with themselves, saying that the Bible is only for white men. I now saw another striking proof of this ignorant feeling. Whilst I was hearing the mission school examined (and certainly the proficiency of the children in reading and understanding the scriptures was very great) I remarked and old woman with spectacles sitting beside two or three other women, and attentively reading the sacred volume. I asked who she was, and the missionary told her to answer me. She

informed me that she had lived with a farmer who would not allow his people to hear the family worship which he occasionally held, but that she used to listen at the window and behind the door, and thus learnt something by stealth; could repeat the Lord's prayer, and could sing a hymn or two, still she wanted something more, and she searched for it in vain; but after a time she overheard an old man praying in a wood, and thus she was first instructed in her religious duties. She came to the missionaries, learned to read when she was advanced in years, and now seemed to take a wonderful delight in religious exercises.

Mr. Edwards had got some good Merino rams on the mountain, and a flock of four hundred cross-bred Merino sheep, and he was desirous of instructing the people in making cloth to cover themselves in winter (instead of wretched skins), and to manufacture hats and shoes. An English schoolmaster, as an assistant to the missionary, seemed also to be particularly required on the mountain. It is now high time to leave off instructing the native children in South Africa through the medium of the Dutch language. I do not know any mission station where English reading and speaking are exclusively taught, as they ought to be, seeing that we have now held the Cape Colony since 1806, and are likely, I trust, to hold it in undisputed possession for many ages to come.

A Namaqua came on the mountain, who said that he had lately been at the kraal of Stuurman the robber chief, for whom a great reward had been offered by government. Stuurman with a band of Corannas and Boschmans had, a few

years ago, made an inroad into the north eastern part of the colony, and had destroyed several Dutch families, men, women and children, and had plundered and burnt their houses. A commando of armed farmers had gone out against him, but had failed to take him, and now his haunt was discovered for the first time. It was on an island several days journey up the Orange river, well fenced round with trees and bushes, but through which our Namaqua informant said he could guide a party. Of course I lost no time in communicating with government on this subject, and steps will, doubtless, again be taken for the murderer's apprehension.

The field-cornet and his Boors were very averse to what they considered the very dangerous undertaking of accompanying me across the Great river. As to taking Stuurman with their assistance, seemed impossible, though some farmers could be depended on for courage and daring, particularly old 'Nolus and his brother Piet Vanzyl; but they had not been ordered out on this occasion. None of my party had ever been beyond the frontier before; and they now dreamt and talked of nothing but lions and Boschmans, and I have no doubt that they and their "poor wives" gave me many a curse. Still go they must; and though the field-cornet (Agganbag), came and wished to delay the journey, saying that the warning was "Zeer kort, Mynheer," (very short,) I would not yield, and said that we must move from the mountain on the 16th positively.

The vrows and meisjes were accordingly at work day and night at the farm-houses below the mountain, preparing biltong or dried meat, and

baking bread for their men ; they mingled tears with their handywork, thinking that their devoted people would with difficulty escape with their lives from the perils of the Orange river wilderness. Nothing was talked of in the country, but " de shrikkelijk reis," the terrible journey!

CHAPTER VI.

Leave Lily Fountain with a Caravan—Weeping and Wailing—Silver Fountain—Murder of the Missionary Trelfall described—Mr. Schmelen—The Copper Berg—Fountains failing—The Corn Mill—Bezondermeid—The Rev. Mr. Wemer and his Privations—Three great Dangers in South African Travelling—Hills of Pandemonium—Ostrich Chase—Henkrees—Distances deceitful—The Silurus Gariepinus—Burchell the Traveller—Old Balli—The Blood Sickness—Tales of the Interior—A Dance—A Hard Night's Work—Ford of the Bustard, Orange River—Rev. Mr. Jackson and Abram the Chief—Why the latter desired to have a Missionary—A Lion Hunt—Sporting on the Orange River—Story of a Baboon—Namaquas dislike Fish—A Sea Fisher—My Horses—Notions on Naming—"Fight it out"—Honey Beer—The Escort dismissed—A False Alarm—Reach the Warm Bath.

My party, on leaving Lily Fountain on the 16th of November, formed a small caravan: there were, besides my own men, the field-cornet and twelve strapping Boors, each riding a long-tailed horse, leading another, and armed with elephant guns carrying four balls to the pound: there were also two wagons, fifty oxen, fifty sheep, and half a dozen dogs.

We travelled north, and descended by a narrow and rocky road, which resounded like a smith's shop, to Floris Coetzer's place (four hours with an ox-wagon), on a branch of the Buffalo River. Here in the evening the thermometer was 53°, the wind was westerly, and the cold

most intense; there was no possibility of keeping oneself warm.

It was very laughable to see the view which the Boors and their wives and daughters took of the journey to the Orange River. Some of the women came to take leave of my escort on the first day's march. The vrows cried and roared, and the Boors joined them with tears running down their cheeks. Truly it ought to have been very affecting, for it seemed as if the bulky bodies of the escort were assuredly destined to feed the hungry lions of Great Namaqua Land, or to be butts for Boschmans' darts.

Our next outspan was at Silver Fountain (nine hours). To reach it we passed first through rocky and *shaky* passes, with walls of rock on each side, and where I thought the wagons would have been dashed to pieces every instant, and then through a fine open country, with scattered hills and Euphorbia-covered plains. The farm-house at Silver Fountain is on a plain, with a garden of fig and peach trees, through which water is led, and near it are some rocks, below which is the grave of the murderer of the missionary Trelfall.

The Rev. Mr. Trelfall was a young man of great zeal in the sacred cause of converting the heathen. He had been some time in the pestilential climate of Delagoa Bay, and on his return to the Cape to recover from a fever attended with delirium, he resolved to try the west coast of South Africa, and to penetrate to the Damaras. His undertaking was a rash one; for he took no precautions for defence, and no one can travel far in Africa trusting only to the good will of the natives, "whose tender mercies are cruel."

Mr. Trelfall crossed the Great River, and

reached the Warm Bath in 1826, with two Hottentots (Jacob and Jan), and three pack-oxen. Here he got the guide, Naugabib, who murdered him. The murderer confessed as follows. That the chief at the Bath asked the missionary for powder, who being unable to furnish a supply, was desired to leave the kraal, which he did; but being forced to come back for water, the chief told Naugabib to murder the missionary when he got some distance on the road, and to call in assistance if required. Naugabib said that, being afraid of the chief (who barbarously cuts the sinews of the necks of those who offend him), promised to obey his orders. They again left the Bath, and travelled north-west towards the Fish River, and falling in with a hunter armed with a gun, Naugabib persuaded him to join the party, though the missionary objected to it, owing to the difficulty of finding food.

They had "packed off" near the Fish River, and on Naugabib being refused some tobacco he wanted from the missionary, he got in a great passion, and threw back the trowsers and handkerchief he had got for guiding the party. The missionary then pacified him, and gave him some tinder-boxes and beads, to go to a Boschman kraal near, and endeavour to get some food. The guide went to the kraal, and told the Boschmans what the orders of the chief were regarding the disposal of the missionary; the guide slept at the kraal one night, and next day having arranged that five Boschmans should join him in the evening to carry his purpose into effect, he brought a goat with him to Mr. Trelfall.

In the evening, the Boschmans, armed with bows, arrows, and javelins, came and sat by the fire; and after the missionary had sung a hymn

and prayed, he and his two Hottentots lay down to sleep in the sand. When all was quiet, Naugabib went to the Boschmans and said, "Now is the time." The guide, the hunter, and the Boschmans accordingly surrounded the sleepers quietly. The Hottentots were first assailed with arrows and stones, and Jacob's back-bone was shot through with the gun, on which the missionary awoke, and asked if there were lions near, and getting no answer from his people, he rolled himself up in his kaross and again went to sleep. The hunter now said it would be better to leave the white man to die of hunger and thirst in the wilderness, which he would certainly do, as he could not find food by himself; but the guide said, "No! he must be killed like the rest."

Accordingly, Naugabib pulled the kaross off Mr. Trelfall, who getting up and seeing the murderers round him, immediately understood the desperate circumstances he was in, and putting his hand to his breast as if to search for a weapon, he fled towards a neighbouring bush. Naugabib and the others at first hesitated to follow him, thinking he was armed, but seeing no weapon, arrows were discharged at him, and then an assegaye was thrown. The devoted missionary next fled towards the packs, and knelt down and prayed (doubtless for deliverance from the bitter cup of death which he was then tasting); but, poor man! his fate was sealed. The infernal Naugabib knocked him down with the blow of a stone on the temple, and then ordered the Boschmans to destroy him with their assagayes, and also to finish Jacob, who was still groaning in the agonies of death. They did so; and then the baggage was plundered, for which the murders had been committed. Mr. Trelfall and Jacob

were also stripped; but Jan's clothes were too full of blood to be of any use: the three bodies were left to the wolf and the vulture.

Thus perished Mr. Trelfall, the victim of imprudent confidence among savages. He had pistols, but he did not load them, nor had he one about him to show when he was assailed, or he might have frightened his cowardly murderers.

Naugabib, after taking the pack-oxen, and giving the hunter and the Bochmans some knives and tinder-boxes, went to his own kraal, and did not return to the Warm Bath, and he and the hunter were captured some months after by the Orlam Namaquas. Naugabib was shot at Silver Fountain by the people of Witboy, the chief of Pella, in presence of Mr. Ryneveld, of Clanwilliam, and of Abram of the Bath. The hunter was confined, and was not shot, as he was only an instrument in the hands of the monster Naugabib.

Mr. Schmelen came to meet me at Silver Fountain's, having escorted the Rhenish missionaries part of the way to Pella. He generously brought me a supply of flour, which was very acceptable, and he showed me the graves of the wives of two German missionaries, (who had wandered thus far with their husbands many years before,) Mrs. Albrecht and Mrs. Sass.

"Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawning day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away."

On the 18th we rode on between hills as usual, and by a narrow pass among them, on the sides of which were scattered the strange koker boom,

and after seven hours arrived at an out-span place, where there was water under the Copper Berg, a mountain on which there are frequent indications of the valuable metal from which it takes its name.

The fountain at the Copper Berg had much decreased within the last thirty years. Formerly a thousand head of cattle could at most times have drank at it; now there was scarcely water enough for a span of twelve. The old people said that much less rain had fallen within the latter years—that there was no sea rains now as there used to be, only thunder storms from the east; but they hoped that the following years would take a turn for the better. An old Bastaard, who had lived in the colony in his youth, said, that long ago, he remembered that the shadow of the sun, in the longest days, fell at his feet; now it fell some distance from them at midday. "This," said he, "may in some way be connected with the failing of the fountains."

Three fat women, grinding corn at the mat huts of a Bastaard, Lang Cobus Cloete, had a curious appearance. The millstones were fixed close to the ground, in an upright frame, with a long handle; the women, stripped to their waist, stood up to their work, and their attitudes and figures, and flapping skins, whilst turning round the handle, had a very grotesque look.

Five hours brought us to Koe Kus, on a river where there was plenty of grass and wood, and eight hours brought us to Bezondermeid (strange woman). This was the station of the old labourer among the heathen, the Rev. Mr. Wemer, a German, under the London Missionary Society.

Nothing can be conceived more desolate and

forbidding than the appearance of the country about Bezondermeid, at this, the hot season of the year. Some black and bare hills bounded sandy and bare plains, on which, beside the dry bed of a stream (in which there was one hole for water,) stood three or four mat huts and a wagon. This was the picture of the station.

Mr. Wemer, living like his flock in a mat hut, was seventy-four years of age, and during a great part of his life had moved about among three hundred of the natives south of the Great River, he and Mr. Schmelen being the only two missionaries between Lily Fountain and the Great River. Mr. Wemer had a very tidy native wife, by whom he had several children; one was in arms when I was in Bezondermeid. Ye dwellers in cities, nourished in abundance, think of the life this old man was leading! and yet he seemed cheerful and contented, particularly when I gave him a supply of tobacco, of which he was in want to replenish his meerçhaum pipe. But for a year he had not tasted bread, and had been out of salt for six months: till my wagon came up, he regaled Mr. Schmelen and myself on boiled salt beef and Bush tea.

Could not some portion of the funds of the London Missionary Society be applied to pensioning off such aged and faithful labourers as Mr. Wemer—so that in their latter days, after years of privation and hardship, they might partake of, at least, the common necessaries of life? I am sure it is unknown to the directors of the society what some of their old missionaries suffer.

Mr. Schmelen now took leave of us to return home; he seemed considerably affected at parting, for he knew what we had to go through be-

yond the Gariep, and doubtless he thought that it was twenty chances to one that we should ever be south of the Great River again. My people and myself were highly pleased with the good humour and kindness of heart of this worthy old man, and we parted from him with great regret, though he offered to go further with me if I thought he could be of use among the natives; but I could not think of taking him out of his road. "I trusted to Providence and a good look out," to pass in safety through the three great dangers in South African travelling, savage men, wild beasts, and want of water.

"Chance will not do the work: chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us to the port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's place is vigilance,
Blow it or rough or smooth."

Travelling N. E. and N. N. E. we reached a small oasis in the dry and stony wilderness at Eerebies, where in a small hollow in the plain, beside a dam of water, stood two mat huts in a garden, containing tobacco, melons, pumpkins, and a few heads of wheat. At a corner of the garden, bushes were put up to conceal a person, who could thus shoot the pintailed grouse, which frequented the water in large coveys.

The country now got worse every mile: nothing was seen on the sandy plains but a few stunted bushes, and the hills, of a few hundred feet elevation, were black and red, as if burning, whilst fragments had crumbled off them, gnawed by the devouring tooth of time, and lay at their base. "A dassé could not live here," said a

Boor, "only the klip salamander" (or rock lizard).

The appearance of nature here was as that of a land accursed. We seemed to be on the shores of the Dead Sea, where the cities of the plain had sunk under the fiery wave, and where desolation for ever reigns around, to mark an awful judgment; or it appeared as if the glowing hills of Pandemonium had been raised from their dreadful depths to sully the face of the fair earth with their most forbidding aspect.

Thermometer in the shade at mid-day 98°.

Two ostriches appeared before us, and as it was hot enough to pursue them, a chase took place after them, with horses; but though they are most likely to be come up with in the heat of the day, on this occasion the chase was in vain: they fled before the wind, "scorning the horse and his rider."

Seven hours from Eerebies brought us to Henkrees, five or six miles only from the Orange river, the bed of which we saw inclosed with fantastic and peaked hills. My white attendants being very anxious to see the Great River, asked leave to go and fish there, as the distance seemed to be nothing; but appearances are very deceitful in the clear atmosphere of South Africa: hills which appear to be only three miles off are probably seven; and so it proved in the present case, for when my people came back in the evening with two or three large moekul or flat heads, they were knocked up with the distance, the heat, and the sand.

The flat head, or Silurus Gariepinus, (so named by my friend Mr. Burchell, one of the most painstaking, industrious, and intelligent of travellers, and whose great work on the central

regions of South Africa cannot be sufficiently admired for its minute accuracy,) the flat head, I say, is about three feet long, of a dark green colour above, and white below ; the skin is without scales ; the head is compressed, the mouth bearded with six long rays, and the eyes small and yellow. The taste of this, the commonest of the Great River fish, and of the streams which flow into it, resembles that of the eel.

A respectable old Bastaard lived at Henkrees, Balli by name ; he was the owner of a thousand head of cattle, of many horses and sheep. Unlike the generality of the people of the land, he and his sons were very lusty. The united families formed a small community of about thirty persons, in mat huts. Balli was suffering under the disease called blood sickness. Sheep occasionally get this, which is a corrupted state of the blood ; the natives then kill them, and, strange to say, eat them. The disease is very often communicated to those partaking of the impure flesh ; and it appears in angry sores on the arms and on other parts of the body. It is very difficult of cure. A person starving may be excused eating bad meat, but not one, like old Balli, possessing flocks and herds.

I sat some time with him in his hut, and he told me of monstrous snakes which he had seen in the land, whose presence was indicated among long grass by their smell, which was most offensive to cattle, and whose bulk, when coiled up, occupied a space as large as an after wagon wheel. He also told me of great quantities of copper far up the Great Fish River, and of hills from which maleable iron could be cut out.—And he talked of the wars between the Namaquas and the negro Damaras.

In the evening, the violin, tambourine, and castanets, set the party dancing. Some of the lusty Boors tried to cut capers, and the Namaquas performed a sort of reel, the men showing wonderful activity, springing into the air and striking their soles together, and the women sailing about in their large karosses. There was no impropriety shown in this dance; and as the people seemed fond of it, I promoted it to keep them in good humour, by means of which I hoped to "progress" more smoothly. I myself, of course, refrained from dancing, though very fond of it.

Balli was very civil, gave me the loan of fresh oxen to help us to the ford, (which was a day's journey higher up the river,) and an Orange river dog, small, yellow, and with a black muzzle and curled tail. On the evening of the 23d November, we set off, and traversed S.S.E. to avoid the hills, which run parallel with the river, and then E. We had a severe night of it: we were twelve hours inspanned, toiling through heavy sand. Sometimes the wagons stuck fast, when a party was called to the wheels to assist the poor bullocks. There was incessant shouting and cracking of whips, and much fatigue.—About four in the morning, when the ground got harder and we began to descend to the river, I rode on to look at the ford, reached the Great River through an opening in its great wall, and saw it half full; that is, two hundred and fifty yards of the five hundred of its bed were covered with water. I saw a considerable party of men on the opposite side, and, overcome with sleep, I donned my pilot coat, and with my saddle for a pillow, I slept soundly under a bush till the wagons came up.

The ford of the Karahas, or Bustard, is not shallower than other parts of the river near, but it affords greater facilities for entering, and emerging from the river. We had no need on this occasion for the assistance of the swimmers, for such we found the party on the north bank to be; and fording the river up to our middles, the wagons were dragged through without injury to the stores, and we found ourselves in the midst of the chief Abram and sixteen men, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, from the Warm Bath, the only missionary, or white man, in Great Namaqua land.

Mr. Jackson belonged to the Wesleyan society. He and a Mr. Cook had recently arrived in South Africa; and on the former proceeding with Mr. Edwards from Lily Fountain to look for a situation for a new station, they fell in with Abram, who said he wanted to have a missionary with him. Accordingly, Mr. Cook established himself with Abram's tribe, and being now absent at the Cape, Mr. Jackson was occupying his place.

People ignorant of the sulky and selfish character of Abram, would give him great credit for the desire he expressed to have a missionary, thinking that he was most anxious for the improvement of himself and his people, whereas he had no such desire; his principal object really being to increase his influence in Namaqua land by the presence of a missionary at his kraal, who would also enable him to get a supply of gunpowder from Government, and would furnish him with cutlery, cloth, and other articles which he and his people coveted. Still it was desirable that a missionary should be placed with Abram, whatever the chief's motives were for

wishing to have one with him, for his tribe is large; and though the people of it bear a very indifferent character in the land, it was desirable to endeavour to improve them by missionary influence.

A lion had just been killed by Abram and his people, and Mr. Jackson had been present at the death. The king of the wilderness had destroyed two horses in the field; and the people, armed with guns, set out to spoor or track him to his lair. They roused him, and he trotted clumsily up a ravine, and then lay down under a tree; fifty or sixty of the people then fired at him without effect, on which he rose to the charge—his mane erected, his tail lashing the ground like a flail, and his throat roaring defiance. A party scrambled up the rocks behind him, when one lucky ball from the chief struck him above the eye, and levelled him; thirty more shots were then thrown away by the people behind him on his dead carcase.

I went to shoot wild ducks in the river, and my people set about fishing. It is not altogether safe to traverse alone the banks of the Orange. Besides lurking Boschmans, with their poisoned arrows, lions are to be met with, panthers, and, above all, baboons are to be dreaded. The large dog-faced baboon, five feet in height, very strong, and covered with black hair, will not hesitate to attack a man if he find him alone, to attempt violence to a female, or to carry off a child.

After my man Robert had left the South-Seaman (to which he belonged) at Angra Piquena Bay, he staid about the Orange river for some time; and one day, while fishing alone under the trees, he was diverted by the gambols of some young baboons on the opposite cliffs, when sud-

denly he heard a loud "quah" behind him; and looking round, he saw a great baboon close to him. Robert had no weapon to defend himself with. The hairy monster cried "quah" again, when a number of other baboons were seen rapidly descending a neighbouring hill. There was no time to be lost—Robert snatched up a branch which he found at hand, and when the baboon was closing with him, and showing his horrid teeth, with the intention of biting him to death in the neck, Robert struck desperately at his head; the baboon put up his left arm, and received the blow on it, and immediately wrested the stick out of Robert's hand though he was a strong sailor. Flight was now Robert's only chance, and he took to his heels as fast as he could, followed by the baboon, who, though partly crippled by the blow, still "quah, quahed" after him, till Robert gained the open country, and the Namaqua encampment from which he had come, appeared;—the baboon then gave up the pursuit.

The baboons live on scorpions, lizards, bulbs, and gum, with which last their paws are usually smeared; they sleep in holes of the rocks; are seen in troops of a dozen or more, headed by a large male, the females bringing up the rear, with their young clinging to their backs. They seat themselves on the ridges in the morning and evening, and carrying their tails as if broken in the middle. Before mid-day they descend nimbly over the open slopes to the cover of trees along the river. With their disagreeable "quah," of different cadences, they make the lonely banks of the Gariep to re-echo.

I had some sport with my gun, then bathed in the river, and went to see how my people had succeeded with the hook. They had caught not

only moekul, but large carp in considerable quantities;—these last were eighteen inches or two feet long, of a greenish colour on the back, and with yellow sides. I gave some fish to the Namaquas, but they declined eating them, saying that they might be poisonous. On my setting them the example, and giving them plenty of sheep's tail fat to eat with the fish, they ventured to taste them. Strange! that people who are often short of food, and are compelled to eat gum and roots, should neglect the inexhaustible supply which the Great river and its tributaries afford.

Robert had a good way of collecting fish in one place:—he took the paunch of a sheep, cut a small hole in it, and then dropped it into a still part of the river; in an hour or two, fish, in crowds, surrounding it, watching for what came from the paunch; Robert then cast his hook among the expectants, and landed fish very fast. I having been a fisher in Scottish rivers, was particular in covering my hook with the bait:—"There is no occasion to mind that," said Robert, "that is gentleman's fancy; we sea fishers clap on bait any how, so"—and he tore off a bait from a piece of flesh with his teeth, and put it carelessly on the hook, and did not the less succeed in taking fish. When he got one in his hand, he gave the back of its head a "scrunch" between his teeth, and threw it down quite dead, saying, "that is the readiest way to settle them, sir."

My bay horse was now so knocked up with the desert through which we had lately passed, that he could hardly move one leg before another. (Certainly there was a contrast for both man and horse between the fare at government House and what we now got in the wilds.) I left him

at the river to come on slowly after us, and was obliged to buy a strong horse, called England, from the field-cornet. My "grey Night" held out and got better into the way of subsisting on the tops of bushes than the poor bay did.

I named the highest summit opposite the ford of the Karakas, Mount Maconochie, after my friend Captain Maconochie, R.N., the first secretary of the Royal Geographical Society; but, during the journey, I named no mountain or hill which had a native name. Nothing can be worse than giving European names, when there are already native designations.

On the 25th we left the Orange river, and travelling N. E. for eight hours, between hills where there was lion an zebra spoor, we reached Sand Fountain. At mid-day on the 26th, the thermometer was at 97° under the fly of the wagon, which was contrived to form a sort of verandah, with the assistance of lines and boarding pikes. Though this roasting was not very comfortable, I was not much distressed by it, having already learnt how to mitigate it, by abstinence, under East and West Indian suns; my chief anxiety was to make my people bear it with composure, and to keep them in good temper, for the heat made them irritable, and there had been already one or two battles among them when my back was turned. I told them that if they disagreed, they had better strip and fight it out at once behind the bushes; but on no account to allow any disunion among the party to appear before the natives, who might think it worth their while to attempt to take advantage of it, when there would be an end of the expedition.

There were two or three mat huts at Sand Fountain, and the people in them were amusing

themselves drinking honey beer, made with honey and water, mixed in a bambus, and fermented by means of a root called "mor," but which I only saw when ground. This honey beer is quite sufficient for the purposes of intoxication. The old head of the Sand Fountain party of Namaquas, sat all day with a bambus of beer between his knees, in one of the huts quite, "hazy" and confused with liquor; and some of the women were little better. After such a state of things, few children "can know their own father."

A few hours brought us to Ahuries Fountain, which was a hole in the bed of a periodical river closely surrounded with hills. Here I was met by another wagon from the Bath, and I was therefore now able to part company with my escort and the field-cornet's wagon. The Boors most gladly turned their face home again: they had had quite enough of the sandy plains of the Orange river, and of water impure with cattle and wild beasts.

Still the fear of the Gariep rising tormented them, and of being detained on its banks, and exposed to the attacks of lions and of Boschmans, of whom they continually dreamt. Thus, one of them was preparing his dinner, on one occasion, under a tree, when the horns of an ox suddenly appearing among the bushes behind him, he scrambled up the tree as fast as he could, calling out to his comrades that two Boschmans were upon them armed with guns; but discovering his mistake when he had got up some height, he descended, but not before a hungry dog had carried off his dinner!

All the Boors got home alive, but killed some of their horses with hard riding—"Post equites

sedet atra cura"—and will doubtless talk for the rest of their lives of the journey to "de Groote Rivier."

Leaving the wagons to follow on slowly, on the 27th of November I rode ahead with a guide past Looris Fountain, where were a few Namaquas, also drinking beer, and then I reached a plain on which, beside some rocks, were two stone houses, surrounded with about fifty mat huts; this was the kraal of the chief Abram, and commonly called the Warm Bath.

CHAPTER VII.

Sketch of the Warm or Nisbett's Bath—Ablution becomes fashionable—Training Pack Oxen—Honey Legs—Springboks—Extent of Knowledge among the Namaquas—Diseases—Heijé Eibib—Witchcraft—Anecdote—Namaqua Notion about the Sun—Story of the Moon—Summary of Namaqua Customs—Questions put to Old Men regarding the Occupations of the People——The Choice of a Chief—The Missionaries, &c.—A Lion Story—Sunday at the Bath—How to make a gun shoot straight—Saturday Night—Excursion to Elliot's Hill—Set out for Africaner's Kraal—Night Travelling—The White Lion—Kururu—The Great River—A Cow with a Walking Stick—Arrive at the Kraal—Birds—Return Homewards—Nest of Republicans—A Christmas Dinner—Arrive again at the Bath.

THE Warm Bath, or Nisbett's Bath, as it is now called (in honour of a Mr. Nisbett, who advanced a considerable sum for this station) is a remarkable place in Namaqua land, as it is the head quarters of one of the most considerable tribes. It was convenient for me to "set up my staff" here on the banks of the 'Hoom for a time, that I might wait for the thunder rains which fall about the beginning of the year, previous to attempting to penetrate further to the north. I got my people therefore comfortably placed in a large shed, whilst I occupied one of the three rooms of Mr. Jackson's house.

The Warm Spring was about five hundred yards from the house, and among rocks. The

water continually bubbled up from two or three "eyes," and the heat was of the agreeable temperature for bathing of 105°. A stream ran from the fountain only six inches broad, and an inch and a half deep, yet this served to irrigate a tobacco and melon garden below, in which the chief and some of his head men had plots, but which laboured under the disadvantage of having a brack soil.

One of the first things I now did was to clear out, with the assistance of my people, the sand and stones in the bottom of the bath, and to make it sufficiently deep for the purposes of bathing. We set the natives the example of ablution, and it immediately became fashionable; the old women in particular used to sit in the tepid water for a great part of the day; and men and women became exceedingly fond of clearing themselves from the grease with which most of them were smeared, as a protection against the drying influence of the sun. Unless, therefore, one went before sunrise to the bath, or after sunset, and thus ran the risk of meeting with a lion, it was difficult to approach the water at other times with any appearance of decency.

The next object of my attention at the Bath, was to procure as many pack oxen as I could. In England it is quite a mistake to suppose that pack oxen can be readily procured in Africa, and that a traveller has nothing to do but to land at particular points on the coast, purchase pack oxen, and then placing himself under the protection of one chief after another, thus traverse the interior. This scheme I should say is generally impracticable, though I, like others, at first imagined that there would be few difficulties attending it; but from what I have heard from those who have

been about the Mozambique channel, and from what I myself experienced on the west coast, it is exceedingly difficult to induce the natives to part with their pack oxen on reasonable terms. The people are lazy, train as few oxen as they can (to transport their mat huts, cooking things, their children and themselves from place to place,) and though not averse to part with ordinary cattle, yet they hesitate about giving up their pack oxen, especially since some of the wild breeds of Africa are not trained under some weeks.

The first pack ox I bought at the Bath, was after a week's arguing and bargaining, and it was purchased at last for a large printed cotton shawl, a knife, a tinderbox, twelve bullets, and a pound of cannister powder. I trained some oxen and purchased others, and got together, with the six I bought, by good fortune, at Lily Fountain, about fourteen head.

To train a young ox for riding, or for a pack, it is thrown on the ground, and a short stick with a fork at one end is thrust through the cartilage of its nose ; to the ends of the stick a thong is attached, which forms the bridle ; sheep skins are placed on the back and secured with riems or thongs ; the ox is then mounted by a good rider, who holds fast by the belly thongs, and allows the ox to plunge with him, or to run off, till it is tired ; and thus, after a time, its spirit is broken, though some ugly falls are got, and much scratching is endured among the bushes by the rider, during the process of training.

I now arranged all my stores, and took an account of them ; and anxious to know what sport could be furnished in the neighbourhood, I gave charges of powder and ball to eight or ten of Abram's tribe. They were out a whole day and

returned empty handed. But I found out that this was a trick of theirs; for there was game near, though these hunters chose rather to keep the ammunition than to expend it for my benefit. However, my own people brought in plenty of honey, which, though sometimes bitter from the strange wild plants from which the bees procured it, yet the bitterness was corrected by mixing it with milk.

Elliot had been out sporting and returned with a full haversack, whilst a number of the dogs of the Bath were running after him, and licking his legs. I could not account for this, till I found that he was loaded with honey, which, unknown to him, had oozed out through the canvass, and ran in streams to his heels.

I walked, out, on two or three occasions, some distance to the north of the Bath, towards black and conical hills of clink stone and of two or three hundred feet elevation, and I always found plenty of springboks on the plain.

It is most interesting to watch the movements of the troops of this most beautiful and graceful of antelopes. Of light and airy form and delicate proportions, its general colour is cinnamon on the back, and the breast and belly white, with a broad longitudinal band on each side, of deep red approaching to black. When the antelope springs, it shows a broad disk of white on the croup, owing to the expansion of a folding skin behind. The small lyrated horns rise perpendicularly from the brows, diverge, and then incline inwards. When the springboks were first disturbed they would trot off a short distance, then turn and gaze, and if danger came nearer, they would commence to run with their heads to the ground, and then make the most strange perpen-

dicular bounds of six or seven or more feet in the air; and when this commenced we knew it was of no use attempting to get near them.

"In speed
They sprightly put their faith, and roused by fear.
Give all their swift aerial forms to flight,
Against the breeze they dart, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderer's cry behind."

My driver and leader were out one day with their guns, and seeing a young springbok asleep under a bush, Wilhelm (who had hardly ever fired before) made three attempts to shoot it, and thinking he had hit it the last time, he ran up to it and caught it, when it merely awoke from its dose. It was then brought to the station, was fed on milk, soon became very tame, and, under the name of Jack, was a great favourite with my people. Robert in particular it followed like a dog, dancing after him and bounding with little bells about its neck.

I was anxious to ascertain the extent of knowledge among the tribe with which I now dwelt, to learn what they knew of themselves, and of men and things in general; but I must say, that they positively knew nothing beyond tracing game and breaking-in pack-oxen. They did not know one year from another; they only knew that at certain times the trees and flowers bloom, and that then rain was expected. As to their own age, they knew no more what it was than idiots. Some even had no names. Of numbers, of course, they were nearly quite ignorant; few could count above five; and he was a clever fellow who could tell his ten fingers. Above all they had not the least idea of God or of a future

state. They were literally like the beasts which perish.

Strange to say, these Namaquas have no word for thanks, and they never acknowledged a favour. They thought it added to their consequence to become ill and to take medicine. They got chills in their "windmill" huts, through some of which the air had free course; or they got ill by drinking water all day: still they would be up, and off hunting next morning. We found them tolerably honest, though Mr. Cooke, when he first arrived among them, had one of his sheep killed and eaten in the field.

These Namaquas thought that they came from the east. In the country there is occasionally found (besides the common graves covered with a heap of stones) large heaps of stones, on which had been thrown a few bushes; and if the Namaquas are asked what these are, they say that Heijé Eibib, their great Father is below the heap: they do not know what he is like, or what he does; they only imagine he also came from the east, and had plenty of sheep and goats; and when they add a stone or branch to the heap, they mutter "Give us plenty of cattle."

The Namaquas belief in witchcraft; but this superstition had not the influence I found it had among the Caffers of the east coast: still the Namaquas have charms to produce certain effects. Thus some of the people under Mr. Schmelen had been with the Bondelzwart tribe, and had got various articles for practising witchcraft. Mr. Schmelen heard of this, and wishing to get possession of these things for the purpose of destroying them, he sent for the person who had them, who came with several others, and brought a small skin sack with him. Mr. Schmelen, with

pen, ink, and paper before him, took a bit of wood out of the sack, and gravely asked what that was good for.

"If one chews that," was the answer, "and then blows towards his enemy, he will prevail over him."

"Very well," said Mr. Schmelen, and pretended to make an entry on the paper. The missionary next took out a bone: "What is this good for?"

"If a person carries this about him, no lion can hurt him."

This is entered as before. Then a greasy rag is produced.

"This if put up at a door would bring plenty of wives."

And so on; and when Mr. Schmelen had gone through the list of articles, he asked, "is this all you have?" "Yes." On which he took them up and threw the whole on the fire, when a blue flame arose from them, and they were entirely consumed. "You see that flame," said Mr. Schmelen, "that is the sign of hell, of the punishment which awaits those who place trust in witchcraft, and not in God." The owner of the charms was sore distressed at losing them, but he thought that some terrible judgment would fall on Mr. Schmelen for having used them as he had done, and thus he comforted himself.

The sun, by some of the people of this benighted land, is considered to be a mass of fat, which descends nightly to the sea, where it is laid hold of by the chief of a white man's ship, who cuts a portion of tallow off it, and giving it a kick, it bounds away, sinks under the wave, goes round below, and then comes up again in the east next morning, its fat having again grown.

There is a strange story about the moon, which is a little better than their usual ignorant notions. The moon, they say, wished to send a message to men, and the hare said that he would take it. "Run, then," said the moon, "and tell men that as I die, and am renewed, so shall they also be renewed." But the hare deceived men, and said, "As I die and perish, so shall you also." Old Namaquas will not therefore touch hare's flesh: but the young men may partake of it; that is, before the ceremony of making them men is performed, which merely consists in slaughtering and eating an ox or a couple of sheep.

I never saw or heard of a people with fewer ceremonies or observances. They take wives to themselves merely by giving presents to the parents; sometimes two chiefs will have four wives between them: this is, I think, new. When a young woman attains the age of puberty, she is led round the kraal, to touch various things for good luck; thus, she touches the milk bambus in the houses—the rams in the fold. When a person is sick, the doctor comes and orders a good sheep to be killed, as he can do nothing without first eating plenty of fat; he reserves a little of the fat to smear the patient with, or he sacrifices the flesh over the seat of the disease. When death happens, a hole is dug with a gemsbok' horn or a stick; the body is thurst into it, in a sitting posture; stones are piled over it, and the horn or stick is left upright on the heap.

This, in one paragraph, is a summary of the Namaqua customs. Of course I was not satisfied with this; but I got old men together, gave them tabacco, and cross-questioned them as follows:—

What laws have the Namaquas?

They have none, they only listen to their chiefs.

In the old times used they to sow any grain, or had they gardens?

No; they did nothing of the sort—not before the missionaries showed them how to sow and plant.

What could the Namaquas make before the missionaries came to the Great River?

They could soften skins for their karosses, sew them together with sinews; make bows, arrows, lances, and small axes; bambus for milk; and could weave rush mats.

What is the principal occupation of the men?

Hunting.

How are the women employed?

They put up the mat huts, soften skins, weave mats, and prepare the victuals. If they decline work, they get the strap.

How is a chief chosen?

The eldest son of the last chief is selected.

How do the chiefs choose their wives?

Any how; from their own place, or from that of their neighbours.

How much is paid for a wife commonly?

From ten oxen to ten sheep, to the father of the girl; and if she is an orphan, her brother gets the amount of her price.

Is circumcision practised in Namaqua land?

No, not at all.

Do the people know any thing of the stars?

Nothing.

Who is the greatest hunter here?

When a lion has to be killed, the chief must go out and endeavour to destroy it.

Where did the Namaquas first get iron?

We think we got it from the east before we saw white men.

Do the Namaquas believe in lucky and unlucky days, omens, &c.?

They dont know anything of these things.

Are there rainmakers in the land?

None.

Do the people assemble in council or petso, as the Bechuanas do?

No, the chief merely talks with his head men on any difficult case.

Has the captain any particular piece of the ox reserved for him?

No particular part.

Of what use have the missionaries been to the people about the Great River?

Before the missionaries came, the people knew nothing at all; they lived without any thought; they had no worship; all they cared for were their wives, children, cattle, and sheep.

What do the old Namaquas think becomes of people when they die?

They know nothing of these things; all they see is, that people die and are buried, but what becomes of them they know not; and before the missionaries came to the Great River, the people had never heard of another world.

What had the Namaquas the most pleasure in, their women, tobacco, cattle, beads, or what?

(After some hesitation.) They thought more of their sheep than of anything else: of tobacco they knew nothing some years ago; it was brought first from the south side of the Great River; and now having tasted it, they prefer it to all things in the world.

What is the worst thing which could happen to a Namaqua?

The death of a sheep.

How did they use their sheep? did they milk them—did they eat them?

They milked them, and sometimes killed one or two when they wanted a kaross. They never killed them if they had anything else to eat.

What do the Namaquas think of white men in general?

The first time we saw white men we thought they were "angry things" that would hurt us; but after we heard the Word of God we thought that the White men were better than ourselves, or that they were above us.

Is there a great difference in the country with regard to wild beasts, within the recollection of the old men?

Yes: there were more lions formerly in this district. We killed a number with our assegaes.—

One day a man came to me with a great hole in his arm from a lion bite. I asked him how he had got it; and he said, that some time ago he had been hunting bucks to the eastward, and at a time when his gun was unloaded, he saw, all at once a troop of six lions close to him. He was on horseback, and did all he could to get his horse out of the way; but it would not move from terror. He accordingly jumped off; when the horse lept over one bush and he went over another, one of the lions following him. Knowing that it is of no use to attempt to run away from a lion, he turned round and faced him, the animal standing within five yards of him, glaring at him and growling like an angry dog. He then thought of loading his gun; but the moment the lion heard the creak of the stopper of the powder-horn, it flew at him and got its left arm in its mouth, and held him fast. He then felt for his

knife; but, on opening it, finding that the point was blunt, he knew it was of no use trying to stab with it. He then took his sambok, or whip of rhinoceros' hide, which hung from his wrist, and hit the lion sharply over the head with it. Another lion now appeared. "Now," thought he, "I am a dead man." But the first lion retired, and the second gave him a blow on the shoulder which threw him on the ground. This one also left him. He then gathered himself up the best way he could, with a crushed arm—out of which splinters of bone came for some time; till at last it healed up, and left only the hole which I saw.

On Sundays, at the Bath, I hoisted the union jack on the wagon. After breakfast, Mr. Jackson preached in Dutch to a crowded Namaqua congregation, and his sermon was interpreted, sentence by sentence, into the Namaqua language, by a native schoolmaster. The people were fond of singing, though their voices were rather shrill. Mr. Jackson, assisted by Mrs. Jackson and the schoolmaster, taught a school of children on week days, from the Dutch bible. Mr. Jackson was a young and a zealous missionary. His situation in the wilderness—two hundred miles from Lily Fountain, the next Wesleyan station, and amidst a tribe bearing a bad reputation for treachery, and to which people he paid dear for what articles of food he wanted—was not to be envied. Besides this, the heat reflected from the sand and the grey granite rocks; is excessive at the Bath in December, January, February, and March. In the beginning of December the thermometer was generally at 80° at mid-day.

I practised my men at the target as before, and they improved rapidly. The natives, also, when they had a tolerable supply of powder, were con-

stantly trying their guns; and, strange to say, they made a gun shoot straight which might not have done so when they first got it. This was effected by placing a second sight near the breech, which was raised or depressed, shifted from one side to the other, and then fixed when the ball was found to go fair to the mark. One man had bought from a whaler a bag full of gunpowder for some oxen, but when he came to try it he found it to be little better than charcoal!

I had reserved a few bottles of brandy for my men, and on Saturday night punch was made, and I encouraged them in singing and telling stories, and thus promoted good fellowship among them. Once they danced; but as this is against Wesleyan rules of decorum, I did not allow it to be repeated. On Sunday evenings Mr. Jackson kindly gave them a lecture.

Besides the occupation of shooting birds for the purpose of preserving their skins, I made a few excursions in the neighbourhood to see the country, and to prevent my people wearying, till the thunder rains should enable us to move onwards. Our first excursion was to Elliot's Hill, a few miles north the Bath, which was conical, two or three hundred feet high, and composed of black and shining clink stone. From its summit a common African prospect was obtained. A wide sandy plain, on which the grass was at this season as white as hay, and where a solitary ostrich pecked the tops of the shrubs. The course of a river, marked by tamarisk and acacia trees along its banks, and in the distance blue mountains.

We went after springboks and ostriches, and in the afternoon, on returning to the wagon under the hill, we were surrounded with bees in great

numbers, anxious to drink from our small water casks and canteens. It was distressing to see how thirsty the little things were.

On the 18th December, the thermometer was 104°—wind northerly.

Our next excursion was to Africaner's kraal, several days' journey E.S.E. of us. Old Africaner was a celebrated robber chief, and used, with his band of desperadoes and guns, to be the terror of the district of the Orange river. He had once paid the Bath a visit, having quarrelled with the Bondelzwarts, and had burnt and destroyed the place, carrying off also some cattle. Old Africaner was now dead, but one of the sons lived at his father's kraal.

I set out with Mr. Jackson and four or five men, in the wagon, containing only our guns, karosses for sleeping in, and a small store of provisions. On inspanning we had a battle with a young ox, which would not submit its neck to the yoke; it was held by the horns and one leg with thongs, yet it kicked, bellowed, lay down, and at last broke away, and chased me round a tree; but at last we mastered it.

We travelled E. and then S.E., over the plain, during a clear night. The dogs ever and anon ran out barking at wild animals which we could not see; at last they got hold of something, and in running up to assist, we found them engaged with two black and grey striped polecats, with long bushy tails, which were exceedingly difficult to kill, and which emitted a horrid smell.

Again the dogs went in pursuit, when two large objects approached us, one dark, the other white. Now there had been a good deal of discourse about white lions, which are occasionally seen in the land, and which we were exceed

ingly anxious to get (part of the paw of one I saw). "Here's the white lion!" cries Elliott. "Hand me my rifle, I'll shoot him first and charge him afterwards." Elliott was just going to fire, with his rifle sword fixed, when I prevented him till we ascertained positively what the two objects were, when a clear neigh indicated my grey horse, old Night, who was now nearly shot for a curiosity.

We outspanned after eight hours' travel, and the sun at rising bore 150° over the plain on the 20th December, thermometer 65°. We again inspanned, and after six hours' rapid travelling, *i. e.*, at the rate of four miles an hour with our wagon, we reached the fountain of 'Kururu (the noisy), over which hung a willow below some crags. It was a very lionish looking place.

Next day we travelled E.S.E. six and a half hours, at the rate of three miles an hour, between hills and over a broken country, and outspanned on a height, where we made large fires for one of the party who had strayed; and travelling again in the same direction on the 22d for five and a half hours, we saw the Great River below us, bounded by its billow-like mountains and hills, a scene of the wildest grandeur; and we outspanned at a fountain called Nares (lizard), where were two or three huts. We saw here a cow with a walking-stick; that is, being wild, a long stick was thrust through the cartilage of the nose, with a fork at one end of it to prevent its slipping out; the stick nearly touched the ground as she walked.

Three and a half hours more E.N.E., up a water course and between hills, brought us to some bushes convenient for our resting-place, and on the 23d, after four hours travel, we descended to a valley with plenty of trees and brushwood, and

in the distance were picturesque hills. Here, beside a good garden full of tobacco, maize, and melons, and watered by two fountains, were the four huts of the people of Africaner the younger, about one hundred miles east of the Warm Bath.

The chief was absent; but his people supplied us with a little milk for tobacco; and Mr. Jackson exhorted them and reasoned with them on the sinfulness of making forays on the Damaras to plunder them of cattle, of beer-drinking, of having more wives than one; and though Mr. Jackson spoke very plainly and fearlessly, the people heard all he said very patiently, which I did not expect.

We got here plenty of birds, as white Egyptian vultures, small green and crimson parrots, colleys with blueish plumage, crests, and long tails, black sprews or thrushes, and doves of various colours. The thermometer being at blood heat (98°) at mid-day, the temperature was rather exhausting; yet we had altogether a pleasant outspan under the trees by the side of a pool of water.

On the 24th we turned by another route towards the Bath, and came first to a fountain among hills where the reeds were twelve feet high, and then slept in the dry bed of a river, on Christmas eve, when we made large fires to keep off the lions.

On Christmas-day we were forced to travel to a brack water; where Mr. Jackson gave us a discourse on sin; and again inspanning, we traversed a great flat, where I killed a yellow cobra capello snake, five feet long, and a horned cerastes two feet long. I now saw, for the first time, one of those extraordinary nests resembling a small hay stack, built by republican birds on an old tree. The little brown and speckle-headed tenants

issued from it in flights, or were carrying straw in their beaks, or seeds for their young, whilst some sat in a row on one of the branches. The pretty little parrots, before noticed, sometimes take possession, perhaps always, of some of the cells of the republicans to breed in.

Near this great nest I tapped a decayed and fallen tree, and out of its trunk I got a good supply of honeycomb. This assisted our Christmas fare, which, eaten on an open plain at night, by the light of a small fire, consisted of some pieces of mutton roasted on the ashes, two or three onions, a few biscuits and coffee; and though we had neither "goose nor gravy," we felt contented and happy.

"Hail to the eve! when a welcome we give
To the friends we hold most dear;
When we laugh at the jest of each happy guest,
Who partakes our homely cheer!
On this joyous night all hearts should be bright,
On earth no soul be morning;
While innocent mirth encircles the hearth,
When the Christmas log,
When the Christmas log!
When the Christmas log is burning!

We passed through plenty of grass, but it was so dry that the oxen could not eat it. We were ten hours inspanned at a stretch, then outspanned for an hour in the bed of a river, and went on three hours more to the Bath, which we reached with the poor cattle dying of thirst. They had not tasted water for fifty hours, and trotted off to the water the moment they were released from the yoke, drank their fill at the hot spring, and then lay down to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

New Year's Day at the Warm Bath—The Egyptian Vulture—Choubib the Interpreter—His Story and that of Old Balli—More of Namaqua Peculiarities—The Wild Animals found in their Country—The Disposition of the People—Their Huts—Abram's Country and People—His Neighbours—An Evening Sketch—Notions of Chastity—The Chief is displeased with the Missionary—Excursion to Twanos—Rough Riders—Prepare to leave the Bath—A Panic—Prosecute our Journey Northward—Lose the Cattle—Good Fortune—Dubbee Knabies—Knabies—Kurekhas—A Lion Story—Cowardice of the Escort—Kanus—Leave the Wagon for the Robber Henrick's Place—Aribanies—The Karas Mountains—Kama-Kams—Send for the Robber—Singular Conference with Him and his Mother—Expected Skirmish—Wild Horses—Return to the Wagon.

On the 1st January, 1837, we were still anxiously looking out for rain at the Bath, as the grass, from the heat of the sun, was beginning to blacken about the roots, and there was a decrease in the water of the hot spring. Thermometer at midday 93°. In the afternoon the sky was overcast in the direction of our further journey, thunder growled towards the north, clouds of dust swept across the plain, and in the evening we had a shower, accompanied with a beautiful double rainbow.

Still we heard no good news of the state of the country on our proposed route, and we were compelled to tarry a little longer at the Bath.

My people generally kept their health, though the heat was often intense. Thermometer on two or three occasions as high as 110°. Taylor for some days suffered severely from inflammation in the kidneys; and I thought, one day, I should have lost him, but with calomel and opium a cure was effected.

We were very anxious to secure a pair of Egyptian vultures, which young and old, brown and white, in considerable numbers, constantly careered in circles above the huts of the kraal, or sat on the grey rocks near. My people for many days tried to shoot one, but without success.—Buck shot and even pistol bullets were used in vain; for though the birds were sometimes knocked over, yet they always rose again, and escaped. At last, by crawling on my hands and knees, towards a dead horse, I got within forty yards of a gorged vulture in full plumage, and penetrated his tough hide with No. 1. This shot my people thought would break the spell of our detention.

I now engaged an interpreter for the journey in rather a singular way. An old man, Choubib, who could speak Dutch, came from a distance to complain of Henrick, a captain under Abram, by whom he had been robbed. Choubib's story was shortly this:—his brother-in-law, a Bastaard of the name of Engelbreght, was out hunting a year before this with Henrick's father, and whilst they were resting themselves and smoking together at a bush, a troop of zebras galloped past.—Engelbreght hastily snatched up his gun; it had got entangled with a branch, went off accidentally, and old Henrick was shot through the body, and shortly after expired, merely requesting that his friends would come and bury him. Engelbreght,

knowing the vindictiveness of old Henrick's people, fled for protection to Choubib.

Young Henrick sent to demand that Engelbreght should be given up, that with his life he might pay the price of blood for blood; but Choubib would not surrender him; and said he should take Engelbreght to the Bath, to be judged there by the chief and the missionary. He did so, and old Henrick's death was found to have happened by accident. Choubib and his brother-in-law returned home: and one day whilst he and Engelbreght were out hunting, Henrick sent a commando against Choubib's kaal; the women were plundered of their beads and skins, and otherwise ill used; the herd was killed in the field with stones, and thirty head of cattle, forty sheep and goats, two guns, and some horses, were carried off. In such a lawless state is Great Namaqua land.

Choubib said that he and his people were starving. Abram, with his usual dogged indolence, did not listen to the tale of injustice. I supported Choubib with food for several days, and then went to Abram with him, and persuaded the chief to send off three men to demand Choubib's property; when the old man said he would guide me to Walvisch Bay, if I chose. I was very glad to have his services, for which he asked a gun and some ammunition.

I shall give another case of the sort of justice which prevails in the land. Old Balli, whom we had before seen at Henkrees, now came to the Bath with two of his sons with this complaint.—Seven years before, he had given in charge of Marcus, one of Abram's men, one hundred and twenty-six sheep, that they might be fed and

cared for—Marcus receiving payment from their produce for his trouble. But Marcus going on a hunt towards the Damara country, lost all the sheep but forty-six. He said he should give four oxen for the remainder, to which Balli agreed; but Marcus altering his mind, forced a gun upon Balli for the missing sheep. Then Abram, being at war with Africaner, said to Balli, "You don't want a gun now; I do, lend me the gun." Balli did so.

Subsequently, Balli's sons were at the Bath, to endeavour to get the gun. Abram abused them and threatened them. They fled by night, in fear of their lives. Abram then sent for Balli himself; but he being afraid, declined coming among the treacherous Bondelzwarts. Abram's messenger then robbed him of two horses, which he found in the field, to make him come. Poor Balli thinking that with my party at the Bath, he might now be safe, came to me. I interfered in his behalf, and Abram sent messengers to get the horses, and promised to see the old man righted.

Not to tire the reader with too much of one subject at a time, I did not say at once, all I intended to give regarding the peculiarities of the Namaquas. I now give some more of their usages, and a sketch of their country, believing that those who feel an interest in the various members of the great human family, will be better pleased with these slight details regarding a primitive race, than with minute descriptions of lower animals and plants.

The Great Namaquas may be said to extend along the 'Oup or Great Fish river, on both sides of it, and to occupy at different seasons its banks and those of the numerous streams which fall into

it. Some districts of the country of the Great Namaquas, especially those east of the Great Fish river, in its upper part, produce plenty of grass for large herds of cattle: while beyond the sources of the Fish river, the country of the Kamaka or Cattle Damaras, or Damaras of the Plains, is very fertile, the plains being grassy and full of cattle, whereas the Damaras of the Hills inhabit a region which is not generally adapted for grazing. Many parts of the Great Namaqua country are also very barren and mountainous.

All the large wild animals are to be found in the Namaqua country; but elephants are now several day's journey east of the Fish river. Lions are every where found; most of which are of the usual light brown colour, whilst others are entirely black, with long hair; a third sort is white; a fourth has striped legs, like those of a tiger; and a fifth has a white neck. I saw the common lion and part of a white one, the others I heard of from the natives, and I feel confident that they exist. Two-horned rhinoceroses, both black and white, are now found in the upper parts of the Fish river; zebras are every where in the land; beautiful spotted panthers; plenty of giraffes or cameleopards, buffaloes, koodoos, gemboks, elands, hartibeests, klip-springers, springboks, and others of the deer tribe; hyenas, wild boars, jackals, polecats, rats and mice are in great abundance.

The larger birds are ostriches, eagles, vultures, bustards, cranes, pheasants, and guinea fowl. There is a great variety of small birds, particularly along the constant waters of the Fish river. Snakes and serpents are in plenty; but fortunately there are very few mosquitoes. The people are not much tormented with the plague of insects;

except with those which multiply from habits of neglect, and with a troublesome and small red bodied tormentor with eight legs, called a bush louse.

The Great Namaquas are taller than the Little Namaquas, but have the same general resemblances, their colour being yellowish brown, hair crisp and curled, noses and eyes small, face triangular, lips protruding. Both sexes are fond of greasing the skin, and the women also bookoo themselves, that is, they rub the ground root of the bookoo plant, which has an agreeable smell, over their persons, and sometimes draw odd looking streaks of soot and grease on their faces.

The Great Namaquas use the very same clicking dialect as the Little Namaquas do. Almost every word has an initial click, or has one in the middle of it, and some words have two clicks. The clicks are of three kinds: one is performed by striking the tongue against the palate and front teeth; another by striking the tongue against the centre of the roof of the mouth; and a third by striking the tongue far back in the mouth. The word *'un'uma* (bulb) is an example of a word with two clicks (') in it. I need hardly add that the language is one of great difficulty for a stranger to acquire and pronounce; the clicks resembling one another so closely, and each conveying a different signification.

The Great Namaquas are not a blood-thirsty people, though their fondness for cattle induces them occasionally to attack the Damaras of the Plains. Strangers who visit the Namaquas, are generally treated with kindness, and he is held in great contempt who eats, drinks, or smokes alone. However, the murder of Mr. Trelfall shows that a traveller in Great Namaqua land ought not to

trust too much to the forbearance of the people, if they think they can easily overpower him, or may not be afterwards called to account for his death.

The huts are universally composed of bent boughs, covered with neatly woven mats, and are perfect hemispheres. These huts are easily removed from one place to another: the mats are rolled up and tied along with the boughs on the backs of oxen, the earthern cooking pots and milk bambus hang from forked sticks on each side, and the children, two or three, one behind the other, sit astride of the ox, and hold on by the upright sticks; the mother drives the ox, which is laden with her offspring, her house, and utensils.

The people at the Bath amounted to between five or six hundred souls; but these were not all the adherents of Abram; the others lay at different places, some distance from the Bath; perhaps his people may amount to two or three thousand souls.

Abram's country may be said to extend one hundred and eighty miles north of the Orange river, and it is about one hundred miles broad. The Chief Kuisip is to the west of him; Amral to the north-east; the Africaners to the east; to the north-west are the Buys of Bethany; west is Kurusmop, and Paul Lynx is at the mouth of the Orange river.

Abram's people had plenty of cattle, sheep, and goats among them. Clouds of dust rose on all sides in the evening: the flocks and herds then appeared; and the lambs and kids, which had been confined at the kraal all day, ran out noisely to meet their mothers. The women secured the cows, and bringing the calves to them,

allowed them to suck a little, and then appropriated the rest of the milk. The cows, whose calves had died, were blown in an extraordinary manner, to make them let down their milk, as described by Kolben in his strange work on the Cape. After sunset the men assembled, generally at my wagon, to talk about hunting, and to smoke. I got up wrestling matches among the young men, and they showed great agility in this exercise, though my boy Antonio contended with them successfully.

During the night, I am sorry to say, there was a good deal of visiting for no good purposes; and figures were often seen moving from one hut to the other. Chastity is of small account among the Namaquas: the chiefs even when they go to the sea, lend their wives to the white men for cotton handkerchiefs, or brandy; and if a husband has been out hunting, and on his return finds his place occupied, he sits down at the door of his hut, and the paramour handing him out a bit of tobacco, the injured man contentedly smokes it till the other chooses to retire. This surely is the acmé of complaisance.

I have already noticed the dress, arms, and ornaments of the Little Namaquas, which resemble those of the Great Namaquas.

Abram was for some days in a very bad humour with Mr. Jackson, because the missionary had been lecturing him about certain neglects of duty, and had "put his finger in the chief's eye," as Abram expressed it. At last he came round. The messengers he had sent to Henrick on Choubib's account now returned, and reported that if Choubib wanted his property, he might come and fetch it himself; that Henrick would not send it; and that Abram had not yet comforted the hearts

of Henrick and his people, the 'Haboobees, or "leather shoe wearers," for the death of Henrick's father. I now said that I wished Abram to go with me to Henrick, when we left the Bath, to endeavour to recover Choubib my interpreter's property, and Abram agreed to go with me. I let Choubib go back to his people for a few days.

The riding oxen for my people having been now trained, I was desirous of trying them, and accordingly set off on another excursion, eighteen miles to the south-east, to a place among hills, called Twanos, or "run over in a morning." I took the chief with me to put him in a good humour, and three or four of my people. At Twanos there were only two huts, in a wild glen, and before them was a garden, with one pumpkin in it and six stalks of tobacco!

We fired at a mark, took our coffee and karbonatjé (or pieces of meat roasted on twigs) in the evening, and slept under a rock on the sand, the Namaqua feather bed. Sand is preferable to grass for a bed, though the gipsies sing,

"Our banquets may be coarse and rude
Our board be spread in open air,
But we can relish humble food
While others loathe a richer fare.

Let wealth in perfumed chamber lie,
Let damask guard his fevered rest,
Our curtain is the starry sky,
Our couch the green earth's dewy breast."

Next morning the chief drank honey beer, and became very facetious, talking incessantly all the way home of his skill in shooting lions!

This Namaqua notion was curious. The bro-

ther of the chief had put out his arm when out hunting. I lubricated it for a week with grease, and then strapping the patient on a cot, I with two of my men drew the arm with all our might to reset it. We much improved it; when the Namaqua coolly asked a present for having allowed himself to be operated on.

Some of the people now killed four horses on an ostrich hunt. I never saw horsemen ride so unmercifully as the Namaquas do. I lost my own horses for several days: England strayed as far as the Great River, and would probably have revisited his accustomed pastures under the Kamiesberg, had the Great River not frighted him with a flood.

Seeing for two or three days in succession heavy masses of clouds to the north, though we had no rain at the Bath, I determined to quit it at all hazards; and accordingly got a light wagon (exchanged for the nonce with Mr. Jackson) greased and in order, and packs prepared for six bullocks; and I told Abram that I should expect him to accompany me with a party to the next chief, and that we must leave on the 18th of the month.

The 18th arrived. With great difficulty I had collected some more sheep. From Abram I had got no assistance, though one would have thought, that for his annual present of powder and lead from the colonial government, he would have either offered me a present, according to Namaqua custom, or been active in getting sheep and other things I wanted to purchase; but no, he was brutally sulky and bad hearted, as usual. The wagon was inspanned, oxen packed, and every thing in order to start, when at sundown I observed a grand consultation among the Bon-

delzwarts. The chief and the twelve men of the escort, with their guns in their hands, and ball pouches strapped round them, stood, with others of the tribe, in a circle, and were speaking earnestly. Mr. Jackson went to them, and returned with this news: that the people were afraid to go with me; that a young man had arrived from the north, and had told them that an old Bastaard, of of the name of Dirk, with whom they had had a quarrel some years before, had removed, with his cattle and sheep, out of our way, hearing that we were coming, and that therefore Abram was afraid of mischief.

I went to Abram and said, "If your enemy goes out of the way, that is the very reason we ought to proceed."—Abram: "But if everybody goes out of our way, who will show the water places?"—I answered, that my interpreter, Choubib, who would meet us, knew the country well. —"Wait till tomorrow," said the *gallant* chief, "and let us hear more of this news."—I replied that I would on no account wait; that if we were to believe every Namaqua lie, it was of little use my leaving the Cape; and that now, if the chief and his people would not go with me, according to agreement, I would go alone, if I could get a guide.—After a great deal of difficulty, and the offer of a present of the all-powerful weed, at nine o'clock I got a guide, but he said he had no shoes. I said, in joke, "take mine;" and he proceeded to do so: however, he got the loan of another pair, and we started. My people were highly indignant at the cowardice now exhibited by the Bondelzwarts, and one of them gave an Irish receipt to make them behave themselves, which was "to clap a musket to their breast and threaten to blow their brains out."

I parted from Mr. and Mrs. Jackson (the latter of whom had a baby at the breast) with many thanks for their civility and kindness to me and to my people; and shouldering my old companion in the East, a double-barrelled Manton, I stalked after my party. It was moonlight; but having fewer drivers than I expected for my loose oxen, one disappeared after another, among the trees and bushes of the 'Hoom river, up which our route lay; and at two in the morning, half of the sixteen loose oxen were missing, and most of the packed ones. The wagon was halted and outspanned, the people went out in search of the cattle, and two men went back to the Bath on my horses. Till daylight I was forced to endure this bad beginning with as much patience and philosophy as I could muster; and after rambling about for some time in a vain search, I lay down under a bush, covered with the leopard's skin of my saddle; but it was impossible to sleep for thinking of the strayed cattle and the disgraceful conduct of the escort:—altogether my situation was most uncomfortable.

Daylight came, and with it the discovery of some of the pack oxen from a neighbouring hill. I inspanned, and went towards the next water; when, by-and bye, Abram and his fighting men joined me, on their riding oxen; said no more about Dirk, and I did not ask about him; and we arrived at the water, at Dubbee Knabies, the place of Dubbee or tamarisk trees, six hours from the Bath. Here I fortunately recovered all my runaways. However my good luck did not end here: the atmosphere became close and stifling; thermometer at 95°; clouds gathered overhead; we had a very heavy shower of rain, which enlivened in a wonderful manner both men and cattle.

But we observed that the rain cloud passed by the unfortunate Bath, as usual.

The water place was in the bed of the 'Hoom, and was cut no less than ten feet deep. To it the impatient cattle and sheep were allowed to descend in squads, to prevent the body of them trampling in the sand: so painfully is the indispensible element obtained in this land of the sun.

At Dubbee Knabies we saw two or three huts and plenty of cattle and sheep of Abram's and his people. Some of the cattle had the Damara mark upon them, viz., a deep cut in the dewlap; of course I winked hard at this, like an old traveller. Next morning I awoke my people with the bugle before day, and we journeyed onwards. My party had altogether a wild look, with hats covered with ostrich feathers, and jackal tails (the Namaqua handkerchief) stuck in the muzzles of the guns. The packs were troublesome at first; but my people soon got into the way of managing them, and we progressed to the north cheerfully.

Six hours more brought us to another cattle place, Knabies (the place), from whence we saw a range of mountains to the east of us. We slept under some noble trees; the night was cool; there was plenty of water (a foot from the surface), and of grass for the cattle. Next morning we lost the cattle from the carelessness of the herds, and we did not find them for many hours.

Two hours brought us to Kurekhas, where there was a reedy fountain, with the foot marks of zebras beside it. Kurekhas was a favourite resort of lions.

The Namaquas sometimes display wonderful intrepidity and desperate courage in the attack of lions. Thus I saw a man of the name of Lynx, who had one hand crushed by a lion in the fol-

lowing encounter. The lion had killed one of his cattle: now, it is the custom in the land to let lions alone if they do not destroy persons or property; but if they do, it is always understood that a hunt must take place: so Lynx, with three of his cousins, now went forth to attack "the governor." They tracked him to a bush, and were preparing for the encounter with their guns, when the lion rushed out unexpectedly; on which the three cousins fled, leaving Lynx, who was immediately overthrown by the lion. The monster seizing him by the left arm, was dragging him off to destroy him at his leisure, when the runaways seeing the predicament in which Lynx was in, immediately turned, but being afraid to fire for fear of hurting Lynx, one jumped on the lion's back and pulled stoutly at his ears, to make him let go his hold, whilst another hung on by the tail, to stop him; the third, watching his opportunity, sent a ball through the animal's forehead; the lion then quitted the arm, and in his death agony he crushed Lynx's hand with his teeth. The dying bite of a beast of prey is always the worst. The above would make a fine group for the inimitable Landseer.

Continuing our course up the 'Hoom, we traversed a great plain close to it, and saw the mountains of Karas or Sharp, bearing N.N.E. of us, thirty or forty miles distant, and two or three thousand feet high. In the evening, though the moon was up, the wind cool, and the time most favorable for pushing forward, the Bondelswarts said, "This is an angry place for lions, we must outspan;" and so these cowards, "making lions of mice, and Boschmans out of baboons," forced us to halt for the night, and to make kraals or

fences for lions, the traces or voices of which we had not even seen or heard.*

Next day we reached Kanus, the place of the Kan Bush; also on the old 'Hoom, or *Hum;* for though it was called a river, there was no water in it apparently, until we dug deep into its bed.

At Kanus I left Taylor and ten men in charge of the wagon and baggage, and with Robert Elliot, Abram, and Choubib, who had just rejoined us, and nine of the escort, I set out for the robber Henrick's place among the recesses of the Karas mountains, to endeavour to recover Choubib's cattle.

This was undoubtedly rather a hazardous undertaking, knowing, as I did, the bad character I had to deal with; still, for the sake of securing the services of Choubib to the sea, and having pledged myself to assist him on this occasion, it was necessary I should go through with the business, and run some risk.

The banks of the 'Hoom, up the bed of which we first passed, consisted of two walls of perpendicular cliffs. Leaving the 'Hoom, we travelled east, and sixteen miles brought us to Aribanies, another cattle place of Abram's, where we got water, like that from a common sewer, for our coffee. I passed the night in the lee of a bush.

Next morning, three hours over a plain, brought us among the Karas mountains: they are tossed up into various summits (the highest† may be three thousand feet above the plains,) and occupy many miles of the superfices of Great Namaqua

* For the estimated distances see the Itinerary at the end of the work.

† Now named after the general commanding in chief.

land. Their basis is granite, as usual. Among the glens, euphorbia candelabra predominated. After one and twenty miles ride under a scorching sun, we off-saddled in the bed of Kei Kap (Witch R.), whose course is past Africaner's kraal to the Orange river. We were parched with thirst—could find no water—our small canteens were exhausted, and after resting the cattle, we saddled-up again and rode on. Seeing some indications of water in the bed of the river, and the riding oxen beginning to smell the sand, we anxiously jumped off, and dug with our hands, and found a small supply of the precious element. The trees also dropped gum, which we greedily chewed.

Through most rugged and stony glens (road there was none), my poor horses and the oxen slippping over the stones, and our clothes torn with thorn bushes, we reached a small hamlet of huts; here an old woman an acquaintance of Choubibs, came out, seized his hands, hung her head to one side, whined and cried, and ran after him. Ascending a hill we off-saddled on the other side, in a narrow valley, near some more huts, at a place called Kama Kams, about fifty miles from where I had left the wagon, and only two from the place of the robber Henrick.

Abram had a right to call Henrick to him, as Henrick was a captain under the chief: two men were accordingly despatched to Henrick with this message, that a white captain wished to see him, and to speak to him about sheep and cattle for purchase, and about other matters; he returned for answer, that he should come in the morning.

Henrick appeared at the appointed time—a strutting little fellow, with a long stick in his hand. He was accompanied by a few men: and

we sat down under a tree. I asked him if he could sell me any cattle or sheep for my journey, and he said he could spare me only two sheep for cotton handkerchiefs. I then explained why I came into the land :—to see it and to ascertain if a trade could be opened with the people. I then (keeping Choubib out of sight) went over the manner of old Henrick's death, and the seizure of Choubibs cattle and sheep after it ; and that the death had been proved at the Bath to have been occasioned by accident. I said that I interfered in this matter because, among other reasons, I wished to see peace in the land, and not war, which there would certainly be if the plundered property was not now given up. I explained that in other countries it is the custom to pay a fine for blood, even if it was shed, as in this case, by accident ; that now Henrick would probably get some cattle for the death of his father ; but that it was cruel to bring Choubib's people to the verge of starvation by depriving them of all their milk—their chief support ; and I added, that we wished to trade with the Namaquas ; but that if there was war in the land, our traders could not venture near it. Missionaries also, whom many of the Namaquas desired to have, could not live in the land if the people were fighting with each other ;—that if the Namaquas quarrelled among themselves they would be rendered weak, when the Damaras might come down to destroy them ;—that as for the English, they were not afraid of Namaquas, Damaras or of any people in the world ;—that we had such a quantity of guns and ammunition, that no people could hurt us ; but that in these times, notwithstanding our great power, we never oppressed any one, and instead of our allowing, as in the old times of the Cape Government, the natives of the

country to be deprived of their land, the present Governor of the Cape was giving the Hottentots land wherever he could find it vacant in the colony.

To all this Henrick said, "My heart burns for the life of Engelbreght, because he shot my father." I answered that Choubib was to be praised for not surrendering his brother-in-law—that he could not have done it—and that if his property was not given up he would call on the great chief Amral, under whom he stood, to come down and destroy Henrick and his people,—and that it was impossible they could escape. To this Henrick answered, "I don't care; I can but die;" he then, after three hours' stout argument, said "I'll send my mother to you." He then retired; and in the evening old Henrick's widow came (a sturdy old hag), and we soon saw that, though her son might be brought to terms, it was this "old limb of Satan" who was at the bottom of all the mischief.

"Kill and slay," she cried in fury. "I'll listen to nothing;—what do you all know about the matter? I want Engelbreght's wife to be in the same state as I am—to be a widow as well as myself. Why should she have a man more than I have? We find that you have Choubib here—give him up to us; if we cannot have Engelbreght's life, we can have Choubib's; and blood we must have." I said we would sooner give up our own lives than Choubib's; that he was my interpreter, and under my protection. The old haridan cooling a little, then asked me for some tobacco. I gave her a stick of it, and she went off smoking, though not apparently "a calumet of peace."

Matters looked rather awkward, and it was

evident that our arms ought to be in fighting order, in case of accident. We accordingly prepared a half moon screen of bushes in an open part of the narrow valley to sleep behind, and defend ourselves, if necessary; and sending a spy to the huts in front for milk, he discovered that a considerable number of muskets had been just sent from Henrick's place to be in readiness. I told my two white men that we must prepare to sell our lives as dearly as we could; but that I did not doubt, if we could manage to shoot Henrick, or his mother, or both the first fire, and then rush in with our swords, that the rest would run off, or give in; and that, in the mean time, it was necessary to keep a good look out during the night.

Abram and his people went to sleep on their arms. I took the first watch from ten to twelve and my men the watches from twelve to two, and two to four; but we had no interruption; and after sunrise Henrick sent a messenger to say that he wanted to speak to me. I said he might come; when (to intimidate us) he appeared with thirty-three strapping fellows, double our number, and it was only on my own two men I could depend, and not on the cowardly Bondelzwarts.

We sat down again to confer. Henrick said he came to listen. I said he must tell us something, and he replied that if we were not so strong, he would take Choubib, kill him on the spot, and give his body to the crows. Then to pick a quarrel he began to question a servant of Choubib's regarding the death of the old captain (Henrick's father.) I got impatient, and interfering, said that I could not spare time to go over the story of the death again—that we had discussed all that yesterday—that Henrick should have neither En-

gelbreght nor Choubib to murder, and that if he did not send Choubib's property to the wagon now, he should hear from us before long. I then ordered my horses, carried off Choubib, and was followed by the Bondelzwarts—Abram, the chief, having been unable to make Henrick listen to him.

"The leather shoe wearers" did not venture to follow us, or attempt to capture Choubib. The line of conduct which I now pursued was eventually attended with good effects; and I have given the details of the conference to afford a better insight into Namaqua feelings and springs of action than I could have done in any other way, or by many pages of narrative.

We off-saddled in the middle of the day, and then continuing our ride among the hills, the great footmarks of the camel-leopard were seen, those of a lion, and of ostriches; when, hearing a rushing noise above us on the right, I looked up, and saw a troop of wild horses crossing rapidly the hill side, and causing the loose stones to rattle beneath their hard feet. We dashed forward to intercept them and fired from the saddle without effect. The sight of those beautiful tenants of the wilds, in their state of perfect liberty, was to me very great enjoyment; and as I was not particularly hungry at the time, I did not regret that we had missed those "whose house is made in the wilderness—the barren land their dwelling, and the range of the mountains their pasture."

The wild horse, zebra, and quagga nearly resemble each other: the first is striped all over; the head, neck, body, and legs, to the fetlocks, are covered with dark bands; its feet are hard and compact, for its resort is the stony mountains. The zebra again, an inhabitant of the plains, has

larger feet, and though its head, neck, and body are striped, its legs are white; while the quagga has only the head and neck striped.

Leaving the mountains, we reached the open country, and had some excellent sport with innumerable springboks, which danced and bounded on each side of us, scouring across the plains, and springing over the bushes as if they had been struck with battledores. We slept again at Aribanies, the men and bullocks throwing themselves headlong into a small pool of water to drink, after a hot day's ride.

Next day, the 28th of January, I reached the wagon at Kanus, and found all safe.

CHAPTER IX.

Divine service—Dismiss the Bondelzwart Escort—An African Shower—Arrive at Chubeechees—More Fiddling and Dancing—Old Dirk—Damara Captives—Purchase a Shepherd—The Ladies of Peckham addressed—Open Shop—Double Disasters—The Fountain of the Broken Liver—Reach the Lion River—Bad News—Prepare for a Skirmish—Nearly lose our Character—The Chief Kiusip arrives—An Alarmist—Story of the Burning Stick—The Reed Dance—Kiusip offers to escort me to the Sea—Cross the Kamop and Koohap—Reach the Great Fish River—Heat and Thirst—Fishing—Dangerous Passes—The Klip Springer—Improvidence of the Namaquas—Habunap—Filthy Habits of the Boschmans—Loose all the Oxen—Guinea Fowl Shooting—Recover the Cattle—The Camel-thorn Tree Melancholy Musings—A Rally—Zebra Shooting—Fire, Water, Grass, Shade—Arrive at Bethany.

On Sunday, the 29th of January, after divine service—which principally consisted in reading and expounding a chapter of the Bible, which I think is more likely to be impressive, though attended with more trouble, than merely reading prayers—I had Abram and two of his head men to dine with me; and as they professed a desire to return home, though they had not gone a third of the way yet, which they had agreed to go, I said they might go back to their fire-sides on this condition—that Abram immediately sent another message to Henrick, demanding Choubib's property, and if that message did not succeed, then Abram was

to send a commando or armed party to take Henrick's guns from him, which would be the best means of humbling his proud spirit and of bringing him to terms. Abram faithfully promised to do all this if I would allow him to go home. Now the truth is, I was quite tired of the Bondelzwarts: they were cowardly, and bad in all things saving their appetite, which was excellent. I was really glad of an excuse to get rid of them; for they were of no manner of use (except to eat my sheep,) and I am certain if we had been attacked by savage men or wild beasts, they would have fled to a man, all excepting Abram's chief councillor Hortman, a worthy man, and, I think, a sincere Christian.

Hortman said, "if I had been Henrick's chief, I would not have allowed him (an insolent boy!) to treat me with contempt in the manner he did Abram, or to laugh at me. I should have taught him with a sambok (or whip). Abram ought immediately to send a commando to him, and there will then be peace in the land."

On the 30th I gave Abram and his head people some small presents of knives, handkerchiefs, tinder-boxes, &c., and exacting a solemn promise from the chief that Choubib's business should not be neglected, I let the Bondelzwarts return from whence they came. No wonder the *amiable* people were afraid to go on with me; for I subsequently heard every where complaints of them, of their plundering their neighbours of cattle, of their violating the wives of strangers who visited the Bath, of their robbing single travellers, of their having attacked the kraals of those with whom they had quarrelled, and mercilessly burning the huts with the women and children in them, and such like stories.

We inspanned and travelled three hours over a plain in a north-north-westerly direction, and were suddenly assailed with such a violent shower of rain that the whole country ran with water, and we were forced to outspan on a small rise. It was a long time before a fire could be kindled, all the wood was so wet. The usual Namaqua method of making a fire was tried in vain, viz., enclosing a piece of burning tinder loosely in a handful of grass, and swinging it round the head till a flame bursts out. Nothing but a lucifer match and plenty of paper enabled us to dry some wood to commence a blaze with.

Two of my men having neglected to change their wet clothes, got seriously ill with cold and fever. Hot water and medicine brought them round again. Many soldiers and sailors require as much looking after as if they were childrea.

Next day we passed over three of the sources of the Lion River, and on the following day through a poort or pass* of one of the offsets of the Karas mountains, and reaching a fine plain we descended for five hours gradually to another poort with a conical mountain on the left, and a lofty wall of rock on the right. Here on the banks of the Kaap River, a branch of the Great Fish River, and under lofty trees stood Caoubib's kraal of half a dozen huts, at the place called Chubeechees (black ebony).

We now pitched our tent under the trees, as we were obliged to tarry here for a few days to make arrangements for our future progress; but whether halting or marching, we found it advisa-

* With mountains to the right and left, named after the Military Secretary and Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards.

ble always to rise before the sun, remembering these lines of Scott—

> "Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
> Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk?
> Think of this, and rise with day,
> Gentle lords and ladies gay!"

On Wednesday, the 1st of February, the thermometer at sunrise was 65°, and at mid-day 90°. A few fly-catchers, black and yellow orioles, parrots, &c., were got here. In the evening Choubib's people, and also those from another kraal a mile down the river, came to the tent to dance. The fiddle, tambourine, and castenets were again in requisition, and the young people enjoyed themselves; and young and old were in great good humour, without any improprieties being committed.

I think a young Namaqua trained as an opera-dancer would excel in agility any of the European *corps de ballet*.

Old Dirk, of whom the Bondelzwarts said they were so much afraid, now visited us with his two sons, and he laughed heartily when I told him that he and his family were sufficient to frighten the whole tribe of Abram. Dirk, who was a civil old Bastaard, said that if I waited two or three days, he should assist me with a span of oxen, and that he wanted to barter some cattle and sheep for some of my goods.

At Chubeechees the people were very poor; for Henrick had robbed them of almost all their milk; there were, however, a few cows and goats left, and of the milk of these we shared. I had also a cow of my own, and a few milch goats. Standing in need of a shepherd, I observed here two or three fine little Damara boys, black as ebony,

and about ten years of age, who had been carried off by the Namaquas during northern forays; and one in particular who had got the name of Saul, came frequently to assist my groom, and asked to go with me. Poor fellow! he had many marks of the sambok on his legs, and he was besides literally starving under an old woman. In the morning he ascended the gum-trees for his breakfast; at mid-day, whilst in the fields with his mistress's goats, he hunted lizards under the bushes, dexterously knocked them over with stones or a knobbed stick, then skinned and roasted them for his dinner; whilst in the evening, before he folded his charge, he cunningly sat down behind a milch goat, and drained the milk into his mouth: thus he lived from day to day.

I said to the old woman to whom Saul belonged, "You have two boys, and they are starving; you have nothing to give them."

"That is true," she replied.

"Will you part with Saul?" said I. "I want a shepherd, and the boy wants to go with me."

"You will find him too cunning," returned the old dame.

"I want a clever fellow," I said.

"Very well," she replied. "Give me four cotton handkerchiefs, and he is yours."

"Suppose," said I, "you take two handkerchiefs, and two strings of glass beads?"

"Yes; that will do," and so the bargain was closed; and thus a good specimen of Damara flesh and blood was bought for the value of about four shillings!

Saul remembered of his capture that his father, who had plenty of cattle and sheep, was absent at his tobacco garden, when one night there was a noise outside the huts. Saul went to look if the

sheep were all right, when a party of Namaqua horsemen rushed forward, killed some of the Damaras, and carried off the cattle. Saul trying to escape, was caught up and carried off by one of the horsemen.

He was now highly delighted to leave the old lady, to be regularly fed, and to escape the sambok. I told him to go and bring his skins, on which he informed me that he had none, saving what he stood in, and that was his own sable hide, with the addition of the usual strap of leather round his waist, from which hung a piece of jackal's skin in front.

Constant exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather without clothes, hardens the skin of the body like that of the face; still it is difficult to sleep at nights without proper covering. In cold weather the poor creatures in Namaqua land, who may have no karosses, sit cowering over a fire all night, and merely doze with their heads on their knees. Think of this, ye pampered menials of our great metropolis, who give warning if asked to eat cold meat, or if made to sleep on aught but feathers! It would do you great good for the rest of your lives to climb gum-trees for a month for your food, or to sit for a few rainy nights under a bush, endeavouring to keep alive an expiring fire.

Ladies of Peckham! ye whose compassionate hearts used to feel so much for negroes in the West Indies, and in whose eyes white planters are monsters of cruelty! though you may not have believed all I said some few years ago regarding the well-cared for state of slaves under British masters, under your countrymen, yet believe me now, when I say that I did not purchase Saul to sell him again, or to ill use him. I bought

him to tend my small flock, and with a view to his eventual emancipation and education in England. He is now near you at school.*

When Dirk returned I made Robert my head salesman. Shop was accordingly opened under the fly of the wagon, and gaily flowered shawls, red handkerchiefs, variegated beads, shining knives and tinder-boxes, saws, hatchets, &c. were temptingly displayed before the assembled people. Bullocks were driven past us for barter, and sheep dragged forward by the horns. Dirk parted with a fine bullock for a carpenter's brace and twelve bits; a slaughter cow for two choppers; another for a shirt, a handkerchief, knife, and tinder-box; sheep for a tinder-box each; and so on, till we had got as many cattle and sheep as I then wanted. Beer was made, on which Choubib and Dirk got very drunk. On the 9th we managed to get under weigh again, and journeying northerly, kept the long line of the Karas Mountains at some distance from us on our left; and after sixteen miles we outspanned. It was late; no kraal of bushes was put round the sheep; the jackals got among them, scattered them, and next morning, not one was to be seen: we hunted about in various directions on the foot marks for them, got them in two or three clumps at the distance of some miles from the wagon, panic struck, and some bloody, and sustained a loss of three out of the flock.

We again advanced. But in small matters as in great misfortune seldom comes single, so Jack the springbok, who had now grown large and handsome, for whom the milk of the cow (and

* At Woolwich, with the children of the Rifle Brigade —my brother's (Captain J. Alexander Henderson's) regiment.

she like other Namaqua cows, only gave two or three pints a-day) was entirely allotted, and who had been the constant delight and amusement of my people with his playful gambols, whilst loitering a little behind on the road, was shot by a man of Choubib's, who mistook him for a wild springbok. I believe there were tears shed when poor Jack was carried to the wagon, dying from a large hole in his flank.

We reached the fountain of the Broken Liver, on a plain among some hills; here we lost all the goats, but recovered them again after many hours' pursuit over the hills; and continuing our journey across undulating plains, on the 12th of February we reached the banks of the Kamop or Lion river, where we found the huts of an old Bastaard (with two wives) named Arnoldus.

We were now at the place called Nanebis, to which Abram ought to have brought us, as it was the usual residence of the Chief Kuisip. The chief was not now here, though some of his people lay two miles up the river, and I despatched a messenger to him at the 'Oup or Great Fish river.

Choubib's brother now joined us with two other men, and brought the bad news that Henrick the robber, had declared he did not care for the Bondelzwarts, and that it was believed he was preparing to attack Choubib's kraal again, to carry off all that remained of his property, and probably murder his wife and children, and then follow and attack us, because I protected Choubib, and because our powder and goods offered a strong temptation to such a character as Henrick.

As all this was very likely to happen, I let Choubib return to his place with riding oxen, to bring, by a nearer route, his family and property

here, to be protected by Kuisip; and next day, dragging the wagon away from the trees on the river's bank, to an open place, and cutting all the acacia and ebony bushes down within one hundred yards of it, I pitched the tent and surrounded it and the wagon with a circular fence, had all the cartridge boxes filled, the muskets new flinted, rockets tied, and all in order for a skirmish.

We lay this way for two days, and kept a very bright look out. I believe we had spies about us, but being ten in number, and with plenty of ammunition, we were not attacked, though we were not averse to "play at balls," for I was provoked to chastise, if I could, the miscreant Henrick. Eventually we heard, that in consequence of the conference we had had with him, and his being afraid of a commando, he had sent to the Bath, for Choubib, all that remained *uneaten* of his herd and flock.

Another danger now threatened us—the loss of character with its attendant evils. A stout Bastaard blacksmith, of the name of Martinus, who had been assisting old Arnoldus, (beside whose huts we lay,) having observed our preparations for a skirmish, chose to attribute them to a different cause from the real one, and saddling up his ox, he rode off in the night to Choubib's place, where, with old Dirk and Choubib, he sat down in council, and said, "Depend upon it, this white man has come into the country for no good, he is now preparing to take it from us—will probably go on to the sea and get a commando from a ship and kill us all. You, Choubib, are a great fool for going with him, I would not go a step; and you, Dirk, ought to get back the oxen you lent, immediately."

Though Dirk believed Martinus, and sent for

his oxen, yet Choubib fortunately turned a deaf ear to him, and rejoined me with his people, and in a few hours his mat huts were erected by the banks of the Kamop, where it was intended that they should for the present remain.

We had bathed and fished in a deep hole of the river, had shot birds, and had seen the river rise and fill its stoney bed, and noisely run off to the Great Fish river, when the messenger I had despatched arrived with the good news that the chief Kuisip (roots) was approaching. I went out to meet him, and he advanced towards me; a good-looking, well-grown man, of the age of forty, at the head of a band of followers. I held out my hand, to him, which he took laughingly; his people also seemed highly pleased. Perhaps my demeanour was different from what they expected in a white man. I was surprised to find that the chief did not give me the whole of his hand; but I afterwards discovered, that his gun having burst on one occasion, three of his fingers were contracted by the explosion.

I carried Kuisip into my fortified camp, explained why I was so posted, said that now he having come, Henrick would not think of attacking us; and treating him with plenty of tobacco, and giving him a chief's present of a government medal and chain, green cloak, and handsome pipe, I asked him to dinner in the evening. His wife came shortly afterwards, with one or two "maids of honour." The great lady was a good looking and large woman, carrying over her head, to protect her from the heat of the sun, a sort of parasol of ostrich feathers set on a stick. She wore a very handsome kaross of black and red jackal's skins; her half petticoat was tastefully ornamented in front with beads arranged in various patterns,

and she walked with an air of conscious superiority, which in a native lady is rather laughable, as it is accompanied by an odd movement behind. I presented her with a blue and white handkerchief for her head, a figured shawl, a striped orange and white petticoat, many strings of beads, and, to complete the favourable impression, I handed her a pipe of tobacco, which she incontinently smoked with great *gusto*, and then passed it to her attendants.

In the evening, Kuisip returned, and I gave him a plentiful mess of boiled mutton, washed down with tea, and then entertained him and the ladies with a musical snuff box, the fame of which spread far and wide. Kuisip had with him several old men, one of whom was an alarmist. "You will never," he said, "get to the sea: there is 'The Bull's Mouth Pass,' for instance, where the trees are so thick and so large that it will take days to cut a way through them—where lions are running like a flock of sheep—and where there are Boschmans behind every rock. Beyond the Bull's Mouth Pass are nations, whose feet are as broad as those of elephants, and who are so strong that they can take up a large ostrich, which is as heavy as a bullock, and carry it off on their shoulders. Through these people you cannot pass alive." To all which I answered, "We shall try."

With stories of the chase the evening was concluded. As a specimen of these tales, it was said, that during a hunt, a man having quarrelled with his comrades, made a fire at night, at some distance from the rest, and sitting at it, he began to dose with his head resting on his knees; presently, and without his being aware of it, a great lion came up, sat down opposite to him, and looked at him across the blaze. The fire began

to wax low, and the man, without raising his head, put out his hand and lazily pushed a half-burnt stick further into the fire ; the sparks flew out and frightened the lion, which went off with a growl, thus giving the first intimation to the Namaqua of his danger.

Baboons are the best watchmen for lions ; and if the king of beasts comes near them at night, they set up such a clamour that he is fain to retire ; so that the safest place for a benighted traveller to sleep, is under the rock which the baboons frequent. Though even there, if the baboons are spitefully inclined, he may be between "the devil and the deep sea."

On the 20th February, the chief, according to Namaqua usage, presented me with six sheep, and gave me a grand reed dance, as follows:—A dozen men assembled, and with reeds, which closed at one end, were from one foot long to seven, like the horns, of different sizes, of the Russian horn bands, the music of which I used to hear float like that of a grand piano, over the waters of the Neva. Women and girls also came, and, throwing off their karosses, stood by. One man then blew on his reed, holding it in the left hand, with the fingers opening and shutting to modulate the sound, whilst in his right hand, pressed close to his ear, he held a slight stick to clear the reed ; the leader blew strongly, his head stooping forwards, and his feet stamping the ground to beat time; the others blew also, to accompany their leader ; wild music arose, whilst the musicians circled round, looking inward, stooping and beating time. The music quickened, the women sang, then sprang forward, clapping their hands, and ran round the circle of reed players, giving their bodies various odd twists, and ending by

dexterously throwing up the skirt of their skin half-petticoat behind, previous to falling into their places. Sometimes the women got into the middle, and the men stamped and blew their reeds round them; and thus they continued for two or three hours, with occasional pauses, to favour me with the reed dance, which I had never seen or heard of before.

A present of tobacco rewarded the musicians; and now I had so much won upon Kuisip, that he declared, if I wished his services, he would accompany me to the sea with twelve men, and only asked for a musket for himself, and some small articles for the escort. I readily agreed to Kuisip's terms, and was glad that he had proposed to go with me through a country, as the phrase was, "sharp with wild men and beasts."

On the 22d we set out from Nanebis, after I had given Kuisip's and Choubib's people some powder and bullets to defend themselves with, in case Henrick should take it into his head to pay them a visit. Travelling in a westerly direction for some distance, along the left bank of the Kamop; we crossed it, and outspanning during the heat of the day, we shot some rare and beautiful black backed thrushes with crimson breasts; three and a half hours more brought us to the dry bed of a river, where we slept.

Next day we crossed the Koahap (coming on), which flows from the Gnutuas (black morass), westward, and four and a half hours more brought us to the 'Oup, or Fish river, here eighty yards wide, flowing briskly in a southerly direction, and between high banks fringed with wood, to the Orange river.

The 'Oup was a very pleasant sight for us; it is the chief drain for Namaqua land, rises about

the tropic, and two or three dozen rivers empty themselves into it from the east and west. There is also a waterfall of some height, about the middle of its course. The Fish river is not always flowing, but in its bed there is constantly plenty of water in large pools, or sea-cow holes. Though much inferior to the Orange in size and beauty, yet the 'Oup is an important river, is possessed of considerable variety of scenery, abounds in strange birds along its course, to reward a collector, and the fish are similar to those found in the Orange river.

The heat, for some days past, had been, at midday, either 105° or 110°, and when we crossed the Fish river and outspanned above the highest water marks, we gladly plunged into the refreshing stream, and then fished with hooks, by moonlight. Though it is not proper to eat or drink much at any time, and particularly in hot weather, yet the temperature to which we had been lately subjected, caused my people to forget all prudential considerations, and when they now got a bambus of water to their heads, they did not leave off before they had got half a gallon at least under their belt. Like the celebrated Abernethy with his appetite, "they had such a devil of a thirst they could not help indulging it."

The heat again made the people irritable, and there were some angry disputes between Choubib, (whose temper was none of the best,) and my men, and also between the men themselves. I had some difficulty in keeping all quiet. After breakfast, on the 24th, I stripped, and, with my people, we hauled the seine, but we were not so successful with the net as with hooks. The occupation however was agreeable, and it prevented squabbling.

The Boschmans have a peculiar mode of fishing in the 'Oup river; they make conical baskets of stick grass, which is as thick and hard as quills; some of them then tie a stone to the back of their necks, to keep them down in the water; and, wading in, they sit down in the river with the water up to their mouths, and the basket between their legs, the mouth of it to the front; other Boschmans wade so as to drive the fish towards the basket-men, who are sitting in line, and who, pushing the passing fish into their baskets, collect a number in them, then rising rapidly, they empty them on the bank, where sit their women, and then resume their place in the river.

To free ourselves from the rugged hills which enclose the 'Oup, we travelled west, by passes which would have been impracticable for any other vehicle than a long and elastic Cape wagon. We ascended steep acclivities, descended over rocks and stones, and then traversed the sides of hills where we were compelled to hold up the wagon with long riems or straps of leather, to which a dozen men clung, to prevent the wagon going over on one side. It had several narrow escapes; and if it had fallen, it must have been dashed to pieces, and carried a valuable span of oxen with it.

After five hours' hard work, but during which time we had barely accomplished ten miles, we reached a wooded dell (under cliffs) called Neims (giraffe). Here a little water was painfully collected, and we felt the night as hot as the day, so that the people slept perfectly naked. Thermometer, at sunrise, 85°.

The hills about the Fish river abound in klip springer bucks, or rock leapers, which like the chamois of Switzerland, are found in the most

inaccessible places. The length of the klip springer is three feet two or three inches; its height twenty-two inches; the colour of its back is greenish yellow; the belly is ferruginous. The hair of the body is very peculiar, being like thick mossy grass: it is easily crushed between the fingers, and wants the usual elasticity of hair: it is in great request in the Cape Colony for saddle-pads. The head is short and compact; the horns of the male short, straight, and sharp; the tail is hardly to be distinguished; the legs are very robust; the pastern joints are stiff, and the hoofs round; all which enable the animal to display the greatest agility among its favourite rocks.

The hunter who attempts to follow the klip springer must share in its activity. Lightly equipped, and assisted by his dogs, he must drive it before him over the broken and bushy sides of the hills, towards peaks, which it scales in a most surprising manner, and where, on attaining the summits, with the dogs helplessly barking and whining below, it fancies itself in perfect security; but the proper distance being attained by the hunter for his rifle to tell, a whistling bullet drives the once nimble buck headlong down the steep, to afford the reward of its delicious venison.

Leaving the hills, we traversed bushy plains, and outspanned at night at a dry place. I had a small supply of water for my own people, and I imagined that in this thirsty land the Namaquas would never have gone any distance from home without skins for holding water, as is the custom in the East; but a small supply in a bladder, stomach of a buck, or ostrich shell, is all they commonly have—and not always that; and he is considered to be extraordinarily provident who

skins a goat by the neck, so as to make a water sack.

Kiusip's people got their allowance of flesh, but said they could not eat it unless I spared them a little water. I gave them a pannikin each, and not knowing when we should meet with water again, I lay down under the small barrel, which was attached to the rear of the wagon, and slept there, to prevent its being tapped during the night. The thermometer had been at 105° during the day; we were all very thirsty, and I dreamt of rushing streams.

Next day, steering S.S.W. (!) for water, our progress was over an extensive plain; and in the distance was a line of high trees, for which we made: it was the course of the periodical river Nukanip (black bulb).

We outspanned at a place called Habunap, (devouring) where we found the "lay places" of two or three Boschman families. They consisted of mere hollows scooped in the sand (like ostrich nests) under the bushes, and were strewed with dry leaves. The habits of these people are more abominable, and they seem to have less regard to cleanliness than dogs: they had fled on our approach. This small community, we were told lived on fish from the 'Oup river, and on gum, ants, and bulbs, according to the season of the year.

The poor oxen got no water here, owing to their having been sent off to a reported water place down the river, but where they found none; we dug in the sand at the outspan, and made a water place; but, in the mean time, the oxen all ran off, and next morning there was not one to be seen.

The people went in various directions in search

of the oxen. Two of my men, Robert and Henrick, among the rocky glens of the Fish River, were thirty-six hours without food. They saw plenty of water, and of klip springers, and other bucks, but could not get a shot at any of them, and at night did not light a fire for fear of the Boschmans,

We were three days without the oxen! and were completely at a stand still. My feelings during this time were not to be envied, as I thought the cattle had been carried off. At midday the heat was 105°. In the evenings I went out with my gun, and saw plenty of guinea-fowl, nearly similar to those so well known in England; but the cocks were larger, and were very fine birds indeed. Elliott shot here two very small hawks with speckled plumage, and which had been feeding on lizards: these hawks, if not new, are at any rate exceedingly rare.

The oxen came back in three clumps from the Fish River (thirty-five miles off). The largest was brought single-handed by Kewit, an active old padwijzer, or guide, who smoked a straight Namaqua stone pipe, which could hold a week's supply of tobacco. I charged this to the muzzle when I saw him again, and gladdened his heart with many sticks of the precious weed, besides adding thereto a couple of knives and of tinder boxes, and he was now considered a very rich man!—the value of his present was little more than half-a-crown!

Again on the 3d of March we were "progressing," and made a road for the wagon by removing the stones from a rocky descent, whilst we journeyed in a north-westerly direction. We passed many camel-thorn trees in a sandy bottom where the wagon stuck fast repeatedly, and we

worked hard with the spades to dig it out, and pushed at the wheels to assist the bullocks.

The camel-thorn, or acacia giraffæ, deriving its name from the fondness of the cameleopards for its leaves, is a lofty tree, whose foliage is disposed from the top downwards in umbrella-shaped masses; its wood is hard, heavy, and of a deep red colour; the bark is very course; its pods are oval and solid; and the thorns are thick and brown. We met with it in the open plains, at a distance from water, and often derived comfort from its shade, though many of the sun's rays penetrated between the light and fringe-like leaves.

"Oh! Abyssynian tree!
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sun-set hour is near,
And thou bendest thy boughs
To kiss his brows—
Saying "Come rest thee here!"
Oh! Abyssynian tree!
Thus bow thy head to me!"

I now heard for the first time, that we could expect no water for the oxen for three days, and I could not help, therefore, giving way to melancholy reflections. *Cui bono?*—of what use is it? I thought, traversing the wilderness in search of a land of promise to the north, if we are to be constantly loosing the cattle, and probably perishing from thirst ourselves? Is it likely that this expedition will repay me for all the fatigue and hardship attending it, and will it be appreciated in England? We fear that this travelling may be, like virtue, "its own reward." Still we must not despond; it is sinful to do so. We must struggle on, *à ma puissance*, to the best of our

ability. "Surely," whispered an under-current of hope, "your face shall not be blackened, nor shall it be said that you have now journeyed in vain. Place yourself then *au plaisir fort de Dieu* —at the Almighty disposal of God.

Sitting on a rock one day, thinking of the unknown land beyond me, of home and all its enjoyments, something tickled my naked ancle, and brushing it with my hand, a large hairy spider bit me with its poisonous forceps, and then disappeared in a crevice. The ancle swelled very much at the time, and now pained me so much as to occasion lameness, and yet I could not "strike work."

We crossed the Kusis (close by), a branch of the Koanquip, and which is again a branch the Great Fish River; but saw no water, and the heat was very great. Those only who have experienced the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth from thirst, and the lips ready to crack, can know what we now experienced. We were all this time moving over sand, and between bare hills, and were quite uncertain as to finding water at our outspan. I tried to say something to comfort my followers, but "the flesh was weak," and I could not utter a word, and we passed on in gloomy silence; but a change soon came over the party.

The word was passed that zebras were in sight, and immediately every one was alive. In the plain, a troop of half a dozen zebras was seen grazing; they were unaware of the approach of danger, till the people had rapidly extended themselves, so as to cut them off; the zebras then took the alarm, and headed by a noble stallion, they galloped off with a cloud of dust behind them toward a pass; but here they were turned by a detachment of pack-oxen; they then took to the

hill side, but a hunter running towards a bush, and lying down out of sight, fired as they stood for a moment near him to gaze, for they seldom run far without turning to look round them. The ball took effect on a fine mare, and she fell with the blood gushing from a mortal wound in her head ; the others disappeared, dust and stones flying behind them. Two oxen were driven to the dead zebra, she was soon cut up and packed on them, also a beautiful unborn foal.

As we approached the outspan, the sheep began to smell the air, then commenced bleating and running, followed by the oxen ; when the whole throwing themselves into the bed of the Kusis, they filled a shallow pool of green water, from which they eagerly drank, stirring it up all the while into liquid mud, and then showed the bestial nature by polluting it terribly ; but, notwithstanding all this, the people drank greedily among the feet of the beasts, and thus afforded another instance of what one must put up with in an African journey.

By digging, we got a good supply of water under the sandy bed of the river, and we also found abundance of prickly cucumbers, green, with white stripes. One of the men brought me eight young ostriches, which he had just taken near a nest. They were the strangest and most old fashioned looking little things that can be imagined ; with black and brown spotted heads, large orifices of the ears, black and white moss-like hair on the back, short wings, and legs like pillars of dark skin, they looked abroad always towards the wilderness, repeating a low churr ! churr ! for their mother. I did all I could to preserve them, but they were all dead in a week, one after another.

We halted at the Kusis on Sunday to refresh the poor cattle, and found it with abundant wood, grass, and water, an agreeable outspan, thus having realized the saying,

"The help is nighest
When need is highest."

On Monday, we journeyed on smoothly for seven hours, and at night reached the long deserted station of Bethany.

CHAPTER X.

Sketch of the deserted Station of Bethany—How it came to be abandoned—A Skirmish—Cool Determination of a Namaqua—The Author is well received by the Tribe of Buys—Cross the Koanquip River—Arrive at Nanees—Jan Buys—A Word on Smoking—Beautiful Landscapes—The Lion and the Zebra—Wild Flesh—The Black Lion—Tuais—The 'Un'uma Mountains—Henrick the Hunter—His extraordinary Fleetness—Festival at Tuais—Offer of Marriage—A Tale of Jealousy—The Strength of the Expedition is increased—Alarm of a Lion—Leave Tuais—Another Conquest—Kill a new Fox—A Marriage Gift—Mount D'Urban—The Game of Hous—Henrick Buys gives a Sample of his Ability—Following the Spoor—Bee Hunting—The Borders of Boschman Land.

The mission station of Bethany was established by the Rev. Mr. Schmelen, far in the wilds of Great Namaqua land, and here at this distant point from civilized society, he endeavoured for some years to propagate the truths of the Christian religion among a heathen people. The site was selected from its possessing one of the most abundant fountains in the land. The water, in a stream sufficient to turn a mill, issues clear and sparkling from a low ridge of limestone, in the midst of a great plain, and irrigates a large field, once divided into gardens, and now exhibiting only the remains of former cultivation.

The ruins of the station stand on the same ridge from which the waters of the spring issue, and

consist of the roofless walls and gables of a single storied dwelling-house, of a long and low chapel, and of outbuildings, all of which had suffered by fire. They command an extensive view of the plain to the east, bounded by a varied range of mountains. Trees are not wanting, and some distance in the rear are the wooded banks of the Koanquip, or "off running" river. Altogether, the site of the station is pleasant and agreeable to the eye, and it is only eight days' journey from the whaling bay of Angra Piquena.

How the station came to be abandoned is thus told. There lived under the charge of Mr. Schmelen the chief Amral and his people, the families of the Buys, and the old Namaquas under Habusomop. Amral and the head of the Buys had been in the colony, were therefore called "overlams," and were cleverer than the Namaquas of Habusomop. The latter were jealous of the superiority of the former; besides, they wanted to get the whole station to themselves, and they long devised the means to get up a quarrel. At last they took the opportunity of Mr. Schmelen's absence, on one occasion, to send a scoundrel of their party into the missionary's sheepfold, to break the legs of a number of his sheep. When Mr. Schmelen returned, he was surprised and amazed at the loss he had sustained, sent among the people to inquire who had done the mischief, and asked the head people to assemble to investigate the matter. Habusomop and his people fearing detection, and that their agent would inform against them, killed him privately, and collecting their guns and other weapons in one of the huts over-night, Habusomop came next morning with a bold front to the council of elders, before the mission house.

Mr. Schmelen left the case in the hads of Amral, and did not interfere. The investigation was proceeding, when angry words ensuing, Habusomop took up a stone and threw it at old Buys, when the whole rose up under strong excitement, and Amral seeing how matters were tending, called out to his people and to the Buys to run for their arms. Bullets and stones soon began to fly. The people of Habusomop being ten times the number of the Overlams, and besides being all ready for a fight, had the advantage at first, but they did not enjoy it long. The Overlams united and drove the old Namaquas before them off the station, and over the plain like sheep. Half a dozen were killed and wounded on both sides. The second son of old Buys, Henrick, the fleetest runner in Namaqua land, got hemmed in among the Habusomops, and got out alive by stooping and by his agility, but received a ball through his left arm. Choubib, my interpreter, was knocked down by a blow on the head; and his brother, after one discharge from a double-barrelled piece, fell with a mortal wound, but still retained his consciousness. One of the Habusomops ran up to him, and thinking he was unloaded, he seized the gun by the muzzle, but immediately received the contents of the second barrel through his heart. Choubib's brother then taking the bullets out of his own pouch, threw them from him to a distance, and opening his powder-horn, scattered its contents among the sand where he lay, that his ammunition might not be used by his enemies. He then fell back and expired, exhibiting a remarkable instance of cool determination in his last moments.

For a week after this skirmish, the Habusomops used to come at night and fire dropping

shots at the mission house, and into the huts of the Overlams; and they also shot some cattle. Several Bastaards at the Great River hearing how their esteemed friend Mr. Schmelen was situated, came, headed by old Wm. Joseph, my "Copper-indicator," to fetch him away. Mr. Schmelen seeing no end to the bad blood which had been engendered at Bethany, and having for sometime tried in vain to prevent the people of the station exchanging their cattle at the sea, for fire-arms and ammunition, now quitted Bethany and retired to Komakas, within the colony. The Overlams also quitted Bethany for a time, when Habusomop set fire to the buildings. Amral and his people went and lived east of Bethany, and beyond the Great Fish river, where they now are; and the Buys returned and took possession of the station, where we found several families of them in mat huts round the ruins.

Old Buys, the founder of the tribe, had been long dead, but he had left many sons, all like himself great hunters, and who had all families. Some of the younger sons were at Bethany, and we found them very civil, though we were led to believe by the Bondelzwarts that we should be undoubtedly robbed and murdered by the Buys. So far, however, was this from being the case, that, as shall afterwards be shown, we must have perished if it had not been for the great assistance we received from the Buys!

Shop was opened again, some more oxen and sheep were bartered for our goods, and the dance was kept up till a late hour at night; this, with a few pipes of tobacco, put all hands in high glee.

I remained two days at Bethany, and left on the 9th of March for Jan Buys (the eldest of the family's) place. We travelled in a northerly di-

rection over a plain, and after twenty-six miles journey, we outspanned on the banks of the Koanquip river, in which were pools of water. Next morning we crossed the river, with great difficulty, from the reluctance of the young oxen, our new purchases, to drag the wagon; they broke the yokes, kicked violently, pushed with their horns, and lay down. We went on for a short distance, and then halted at the Tamuhap (or dropping) river, opposite the Kurusap, or Sour hill. Here a beautiful span of red oxen arrived from Jan Buys, to help us to his place, at which we arrived after three hours' journey.

Nanees (corner), where Jan Buys lay, has a pleasant and elevated site among the interesting group of the Tamuhap hills. There were six huts on a grassy plateau, and plenty of cattle and sheep at Nanees. Rain fell, and the temperature was now too cold for us, 70° at mid-day. Jan Buys dined, drank tea, and smoked with me in the evening; that is, smoked by himself; for remembering the delicious hukas of India, the kaleuns of Persia, and the chebuks of Turkey, I have not touched tobacco for ten years. I say it, and without affectation, that the European manner of smoking is coarse and vile, and to me disgusting. We all know it is so to ladies, and surely the aspirants for lady's favour ought to lay it aside, or else adopt the oriental refinements of water-pipes and purified tobacco.

But enough of this. Let us talk of old Jan, as he was commonly called, though apparently he was not more than five and forty; but he was stout and lusty, and the oldest of the brothers, "the old" being a term of respect and regard. Jan was reserved at first, but under the influence of the moderate excitement of tea and tobacco, for I

had no spirits, he soon opened out, and I had more agreeable conversation with him in Dutch, which he had learnt from his father, than I had had with any one else for a long time. He offered to go with me to his brother Henrick the hunter's place, in advance, and there to make arrangements for assisting us onwards.

Again inspanning, we descended to a most beautiful plain, which waved with high white grass, like a harvest ripe for the sickle; there were numerous ant heaps among this, a sign of abundant pasture; clumps of green mimosa, and brown and deep red hills, three or four hundred feet high: altogether the scene was most delightful, and I highly enjoyed it with the agreeable temperature of 75° at mid-day.

Game was not wanting. We scattered ourselves over the country. The traces of zebras were seen, and then the fresh print of a lion's paw: presently the king of beasts was observed at a distance devouring a zebra under a bush; having had his belly full, he slowly moved off, and left half of his prey, which was immediately packed on bullocks and carried off for supper.

Though it might appear very sporting and Nimrodish to say that I relish wild horse flesh, with its yellow fat, yet I cannot bear it if I can get anything else. It is true that I can eat meat, "done or under done, raw or cooked," when hungry, and so can most men; but to say that I preferred coarse and rank food, which wild horse is, to good beef and mutton, would be (to use a vulgar expression) humbug!

Thinking that the lion would pay a visit to our larder in the night, my men slept on the sand beside me, with swords and bayonets fixed on their rifles and fusees, after setting fire to some

old nests of republican birds in the trees, to scare our expected visitant ; but he did not trouble us.

"One day," said Jan Buys, "I was in the field with my gun, looking for game, and I saw before me beside a bush, a large black body. Thinking that it was an ostrich resting its long neck and head on the ground, I approached quietly to shoot it. It rose without seeing me, and I discoverd it to be a long haired black lion. I concealed myself as well as I could, and watched its motions. It stretched itself, looked round, and then came towards where I lay, at a trot, its mouth open, its horrid teeth as long as my fingers, and grumbling to itself from hunger. I thought my last evening was come, for I never before had seen a lion so shaggy, so black or terrible as this was. I took aim at him with my gun, through the bush and was going to fire as he was passing me, when I suddenly remembered a warning our father, old Cobus, gave us, when he showed his sons the proper manner of hunting. 'Never fire at a lion,' he said, 'when you see he is on the move by daylight, for he is then very hungry, and looking after food ; and if you miss or only wound him, you are dead men.' Accordingly I ran off as hard as I could, without firing, to a hill were my people were, and left the black lion to continue his hunt."

On the 13th of March we continued our journey over the same delightful country as we had seen the day before, and in two hours and a half descended to the bank of the Gnuanuip river (whose name is untranslatable), and outspanned at Tuais (or Mud) Fountain, where lay Henrick *the hunter*, "par excellence."

From Tuais we saw the long line of the

'Un'uma, or Bulb mountains, two or three thousand feet high, east of us, and between us and them was the Koanquip, a branch of which was the Gnuanuip.

In the evening, Henrick came from his huts to visit me; he was a spare made and athletic Namaqua, of forty years of age, about five feet eight inches in height, nose low, but inclined to aqualine, teeth rather prominent, but covered with his lips; a good humoured smile about his mouth, and altogether with a very amiable and intelligent expression of countenance. He was beautifully formed, deep chested, small waist, and muscular arms, thighs, and calves, without any extra flesh beyond what was necessary to give perfect symetry to his figure. His feet were small, as is usual among the Namaquas, but his instep was particularly high, and even rose in a sort of knob in the middle: this may have added to his astonishing power as a runner.

The reader must not imagine I indulge in a traveller's license when I say that Henrick could catch and kill zebras by fleetness of foot: I believe he has often done this; for I have seen him turn zebras towards the guns; and when I tell how he managed to catch them, I may be believed; if not, I must lie under an evil imputation which I would willingly avoid—for, *Hora et sempre*, now and always "Truth me guide."

When Henrick's powder ran short he took a hunting knife in his left hand (for he was left handed, and continued so, though it was through his left arm he had received a ball at the skirmish at Bethany) and knowing there were zebras in his neighbourhood, he went out to the field to seek them, to their grazing ground, and to run them down.

Walking on his toes with an elastic springing step, at the rate of upwards of five miles an hour, he paced over the plain glancing at the ground for footmarks, and on each side of him, with his keen eyes. The prints of the compact hoofed zebras are observed on the sands, and presently the troop itself is seen grazing near. Henrick stoops, disencumbers himself of every skin covering which might encumber him, even to his leopard skin cap, and steels as near as he can to the game without being perceived; but the watchful eye of the stallion discovers the hunter, when he leaves the cover of the bushes, and giving the alarm to the rest, the whole gallop off. Henrick without putting himself to the top of his speed at first, follows them; the zebras stop to graze, Henrick running like a race horse, with his stomach near to the ground, bounds toward them. Away they rush again, snorting, and tossing their striped heads in the air, and switching their light and mule-like tails in the pride of fancied fleetness and freedom. The hunter "sits on their skirts," and relaxes not from his pursuit for a moment; he clears stones, bushes, and other impediments after three or four mils he is in perfect wind; the ground seems to fly from under him; and, as he expressed it, he was now unable to distinguish the heaven from the earth. The zebras stop and gaze occasionally, as before; but it is now but for an instant, for their enemy is closing with them; he drives them towards a steep face of rock; they hesitate about the means of escape; Henrick is amongst them in a moment, and seizing one of the striped troop by the tail, he swings it to one side, throwing the whole weight of his own body towards the ground at the same time. The zebra falls on its side, when Henrick plunges

his knife into its chest, and then allows it to rise and run off; it keeps up with the rest for a short distance, then gradually falls behind the troop, weak from loss of blood. Its comrades wait for it till Henrick again dashes forward, repeats his fatal thrust, and if two stabs are not sufficient to stretch the zebra dead on the plain, a third is given, which rolls the beautiful body lifeless on the ground, covered with dust and perspiration. The successful hunter then returns to his huts to send his people with pack oxen to bring home the prize.

Henrick is rivalled now in fleetness by his eldest son, Jan, which would not be, says the father, if it were not for his own crippled arm. Lately, the two were out in pursuit of giraffes, and getting close to three, the father told his son to assist him in stabbing the last; but Jan said, "No: let us attack the first and largest." Which they did; and after a smart pursuit, managed to stab the first with fatal effect.

It must be borne in mind that horses come up with both zebras and giraffes, but still the powers of both Henrick Buys and his son must be very astonishing to enable them to rival horses, and thus to show what a man is capable of accomplishing with temperance and training.

On the 14th of March it thundered and rained all day, to our great refreshment. Thermometer at sunrise 60°, at mid-day 75°. I gave presents, as usual to Jan and Henrich Buys, and to their wives, whilst tobacco and the fiddle put every one in good spirits; and on the advent of the expedition to Tuais, there occurred a sort of festival among the dependants of the two brothers. Some of the dancers showed a good deal of humour in their performances of imitation reels—they stoop-

ed near the ground in going through the figure, then sprang up, beat the ground rapidly with their heels, kicked up before and behind, stopped suddenly, looked their partner earnestly in the face, and with the cry of "hoet," bobbed their heads forward, and then went through the figure singing an accompaniment. There was a little Damara too, with a pot belly, who imitated the reed and fiddle very comically, accompanied with dancing. There were exhibitions with bows and arrows, lances, and wrestling, &c. Presents of cows and sheep were brought, but which, of course, I took care to pay for. More sheep were also bought for cotton handkerchiefs, which were here so wonderfully attractive that one of the prettiest girls in the place, or that I had seen on the north side of the Orange river, came, and, to my surprise, offered to marry me for a cotton handkerchief! I was thus in the predicament of St. Anthony in the Wilderness.

The Namaquas are sometimes troubled with jealousy as well as other people, and cherish their revenge, like barbarians in general, till the fitting moment for gratifying it. Thus it happened, that two young men made love to one girl, but as is customary, she attached herself to one of them only. "The Rejected" did not forget or forgive the affront, and for thirty years he looked out continually for an opportunity to destroy his rival. Like Shylock, his revenge was implacable.

> "I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
> I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
> I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
> To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
> To intercessors."

At last it happened that the two (now about fifty

years of age) went out together alone, on a honey hunt. The bees having collected their treasures on the face of a cliff, at some distance below its summit, it became necessary for one of the men to be lowered to collect the spoil.

"The Rejected" lowered his ancient rival by riems, or thongs of leather, and when a skin bag was filled, he hauled him up again to the brink of the precipice, and then took the bag from him. "Is that all?" he cooly inquired. "Yes," was answered: and now Hell was at work. "You cut me off from the woman I wanted," cried the demon, "and now I cut you off." With that he divided the riems (which were made fast to a bush) with his knife, and his screaming victim was precipitated to the bottom of the cliff, and dashed to pieces!

The murderer returned to the huts; the dead man's wife asked where her husband was; and she was answered, by the murderer, that he did not know, for that they had gone different ways in the field; but the sphoor, or foot marks, having been "taken up," the mangled body was soon discovered. However, so little law is there in this *happy* land, that the murderer was allowed to live, and he comforted himself not only with his own wife, but with his first love also, who now, poor creature, could not bear being alone in the world!

I invited Henrick to be my chief hunter, and he agreed to go with me. I asked Jan to assist me with oxen for the wagon; he said he should do so, and not only that, but he would accompany me himself to the sea with some men, for there was danger on the road, and the party required to be numerous. I thought my party of twenty-one strong enough already, and more manageable

as to food, but as the Buys had been so kind, and as I had been very fortunate to get assistance from them so readily—from those men whom I was told to look on as cut-throats and robbers—I could not object to their taking what men they chose; and my party, with some boys, became fifty in number: in fact, a considerable commando with four headmen, Kuisip, Jan, Henrick, and Choubib.

At night, on the 16th, there rose a cry, that there was a lion seen passing the huts on the bank of the river: the Namaquas lying round me behind two or three half-circles of bushes, rose in a moment, seized their arms, and calling to one another, they rushed to the huts like an angry swarm of bees. As the night was dark, and the Namaquas had evidently more the intention of frightening the lion away than at getting a shot at him, I kept my own men prepared for a visit from the enemy, who was looking after our cattle, which had been quietly reposing, like ourselves, under the trees. But having heard the noise of the people, he, the lion, I suppose "thought better of it," and went off without troubling us more, and therefore, though I wanted a hunt next day, the Namaquas said, as usual, "since he did no harm, we must not go after him."

On the 18th, we left Tuais and travelled northward over the same beautiful grassy plains as before. I was not the only one who made a conquest at Tuais, or rather that a handkerchief subdued (for I dont pretend to flatter myself). Another stout Namaqua girl, on this, the morning of our departure, appeared with kaross tied up for walking, horn for fat, and tortoise shells full of buku attached to her girdle, and all prepared to follow the fortunes of Robert; and I had some difficulty

in persuading her to remain behind, as our journey was rough enough for men; women it must have killed; besides, decency forbade our travelling attended with the softer sex. I had made Henrick the driver leave his helpmate at Lily Fountain, though she was our cook and washerwoman.

We had plenty of excitement the first march from Tuais; we saw ostriches, steenboks, hawks, owls, black and white crows, hares, tortoises, scorpions; pursued, but in vain, a sort of cat with a red skin; chased a beautiful orange-coloured martin with a long tail, into a hole, and tried to dig it out (without success), thinking it was a novel species; and I caught, with the assistance of the dogs, a fox of a species which Choubib and the others said was new to them; its colour was grey; muzzle, face, ears, ridge of back, legs, and half of the tail, black. It was two feet seven inches long including the bushy tail. After seven hours inspan we halted for the night on the banks of the Great Koanquip river.

I had collected fourteen black and red jackals' skins of the most beautiful fur in South Africa to make a cloak of, intending it for whoever I might eventually induce to enter into a "holy alliance." The making up of this marriage present was interesting. The skins, after having been well stretched and scraped, were carried about by some of the Namaquas and rubbed with the hand, when they had nothing better to do, and became, by this mechanical process, as soft as glove leather; they were then put under ground and covered with moist sand for a short time to flatten them out; then the edges were cut straight, and the seven skins of the upper row retained their heads and ears, whilst those of the lower were neatly scol-

loped at the bottom ; two broad flaps were set apart for the upper corners to fold over the breast. The whole were then exceedingly well sewn together with sinews, and formed a very handsome fur cloak, attached to the person with double thongs at the neck. How this cloak was disposed of, I have already noticed, and I have therefore no occasion now to say, (as a distinguished writer of the day said when he hinted a wish to be adopted by any one) "every necessary information will be given at the respectable publishers."

We again advanced in a N.E. direction, and passing under a bold mass of mountain about two thousand feet high, with a square top, rendered apparently inaccessible by scarped cliffs of red sand stone in horizontal strata round it, and having attached to it a conical hill south of it, we halted for some hours on the wooded banks of the Karee or Little Koanquip. I named the mountain after the excellent Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Mount D'Urban.

The Namaquas here played in the sand a very noisy game called "Hous," and which they now constantly practised at every convenient opportunity. Three or four men sat down on the sand opposite to three or four others, with four rows of holes, twenty-six in each row, between them, into each of which holes two or three seeds were distributed, and changed about from one hole to the other, accompanied with shouts, screams, and vociferations the most extraordinary—although they played for nothing.

Henrick Buys now gave us a proof of his ability : he went in front with his gun, crept upon a herd of springboks, and wounding a fine young male, "in pride of grease," through the rear hind thigh, he went after it like the wind, whilst it

followed the herd rapidly on three legs; but Henrick getting within a few yards of it, knocked it down with a stone, and we ate its venison for our supper. He also pursued a zebra for two miles; but missing a screw of his gun, he was obliged to halt and retrace his own foot-marks to look for it. As to tracing foot-marks, the Namaquas, like other African hunters, can track a man or beast by marks on the sand, among stones, or by bushes, which would be perfectly unnoticed by a white man's eye. Thus a pebble wanting the dew in the morning shows that it has been turned during the night; and leaves or twigs disturbed, shew a passer by; some marks, as on sand, are available for many days if no rain falls in the meantime.

Bee hunting was very curious. Whilst I was engaged in the chase one day on foot with a Namaqua attendant, he picked up a small stone, looked at it earnestly, then over the plain, and thew it down again, I asked what it was; he said there was the mark of a bee on it; taking it up, I also saw on it a small pointed drop of wax, which had fallen from a bee in its flight. The Namaqua noticed the direction the point of the drop indicated, and walking on, he picked up another stone, also with a drop of wax on it, and so on at considerable intervals, till getting below a crag he looked up, and bees were seen flying across the sky, and in and out of a cleft in the face of the rock. Here of course was the honey that he was in pursuit of. A dry bush is selected, fire is made, the cliff is ascended, and the nest is robbed in the smoke.

In the afternoon of the 19th, we ascended a dangerous and rocky pass, and after two hours' journey we halted for the night behind a line of

bushes. Here we left behind us Great Namaqua land proper, were on the confines of the country of the Boschmans, whilst the extreme limit south of the negro Damaras of the Hills was on our left on the table land of the Great 'Un'uma range.

CHAPTER XI

Difficulty of determining the Limits of Tribes in South Africa—First March in the Country of the Boschmans —Zebra shooting—The young Gemsbok—Goats—Delicacy of the Lion—Anecdote—First Rencontre with the Boschmans—How they eat, creep on Game, frighten Lions, and make Fire—The Caravan en Route—Musquitoes—More Boschmans—The Woman described—A Discovery—What a Boschman likes best—Boschmans live by Lions—The Great Fountain—Delicacies —A disgraceful Occurrence—The Great Flat—The Huntop River—Frog Soup—How we commonly passed the Night—A Storm—The Narop River—Locusts—Giraffes—The Mirage—The Bull's Mouth Pass—A grand Hunt—Author is charged by two Rhinoceroses.

In South Africa it is impossible to define with accuracy the exact boundaries of particular nations or tribes. Nomade people, who are continually shifting their positions or haunts, are found on the banks of rivers and by fountains this year, whilst on the next visit to the same localities, part of an entirely different tribe may be found there. Thus the country we were now about to enter, though occasionally visited by the Great Namaquas, was principally traversed by Boschmans of the same general appearance and language as the Namaquas, but darker, and not so well dressed, and possessing neither flocks nor herds. They are also exceedingly wild, and it is necessary to keep always a very good lookout that they do not steal the cattle, or murder

those who pass through their broad plains, or approach their craggy montains.

On the 20th of March we travelled six hours and a half in the country of the Boschmans without seeing any signs of inhabitants. Extensive plains were before us; on our left hand, beyond them to the west, were blue ridges in the distance between us and the ocean; whilst on our right the table-topped range of the 'Un'uma continued. We crossed the Humabib (root water), where there was grass, water, and shade, and then missing Henrick the hunter, we looked out before us, and saw dust rising at the foot of the mountains. We knew that this must proceed from large game; accordingly, I rode with Kiusip and his men towards the right, whilst the rest of the people distributed themselves to cut off the wild animals, whatever they might be. We dismounted and lay down behind bushes in an extended line. The cloud of dust approached us, and below it seemed to dance several black bodies; it came near, and seven zebras, following each other, galloped towards us. It now appeared that Henrick and two or three men had ran on before, and had turned the zebras towards our guns. It was a fine sight to witness the mares, young males, and a foal halt, whilst a powerful stallion, with his mane as if newly hogged, and his tail switching his striped thighs, came on singly to reconnoitre my horse and the riding oxen. He came close to the bush where I lay, but I kept quiet till the whole troop should pass. In the mean time an impatient hunter crept towards the halted group of plump and round females, and fired into them without effect. The stallion snorting wildly, galloped back to his charge, and the whole passed us rapidly, and

received our discharge; long tracks of dust followed their heels. One fell on the plain, as it was breaking the line of the people facing the mountains, but recovering itself, it was tracked by its bloody spoor towards the Koanquip, and was nearly come up with by two of the people, when a party of Boschmans appeared, intercepted, and secured the prize.

We saw white-rumped springboks ahead, and went after them, and then among hills on the right a troop of gemsboks appeared, the antagonists of lions, with their long straight horns, like that of the fabled unicorn. We made a dash at the gemsboks, and intercepted them as before, between our extended hunters and the mountain; but it fell dusk. The old ones all escaped with apparently slight wounds, whilst only a young fawn, in appearance very like a brown calf, with a short tail, was secured alive. We carried it with us to the wagon, and gave it the cow's milk.

To an African traveller goats are invaluable; they can accompany him every where, and live where cattle would pine away and die; though the cattle of South Africa are assuredly the most hardy and enduring in the world. What care they for clover fields, and meadows of thick green grass, as long as they can range among the thorn bushes, and fearless of the prickles, get their tongue round the blades of white and sweet grass which grows up among the twigs. They also eat the tops of many bushes, but not of so many as the goats, each of which give nearly as much milk as a Namaqua cow, and of much richer quality. The milk I obtained from my four or five milch goats (though at times, when we were hard pressed for water, it only amounted

to a pint morning and evening amongst them), was a source of great comfort and support.

Next day, we went on again, and passed a place, where two or three years before, some of the people had found a cameleopard, dead and entire, though it had been just killed by a lion, which had climbed from behind and struck it down. The people accounted for the lion having refused the flesh of the giraffe, because in its fall the contents of its stomach had come out at its mouth, in which case, say the Namaquas, the lion invariably refuses to taste his prey.

In further proof of this, Henrick the hunter took up the tale, and said, "one night I was asleep in my hut, when I was awoke by a noise outside. My wife whispered, 'I don't think that is a wolf;' on which I got up, and went out with a keree (or knobbed stick) in my hand, for I had no gun at that time. Below a tree I saw a cow lying, and as I went to it a large animal left the cow and came towards me. I stood my ground, and called out, when a lion (which the large animal was), went off to one side. I went up to the cow, and found it, and another beyond it dead. The first had been ripped up, and the calf only eaten, because the contents of the stomach of the cow had come out of its mouth and nose, whilst the other cow had its neck twisted round, and its horns fixed in the ground, so that its mouth was kept in the air, to prevent the same ejection of food as in the first cow. I turned its mouth downwards to disgust the lion, and then went to sleep again."

In Henrick's word, during some month's acquaintance, I had implicit confidence; and it is quite possible that the lion may feel a peculiar disgust when the above accident happens, and

to prevent it, could easily with his mighty paws, fix the horns of cattle in the ground. All this, if true, is a new and interesting fact in the natural history of the lion.

After my usual morning's walk of a couple of hours, I mounted, and in company with Kiusip on his large-horned ox, (and some of the horns of the South African oxen are six or seven feet between the tips), we were riding out of sight of the wagon, with a Herculean gun carrier on foot beside Kiusip, and looking among the bushes for game, when the chief, after casting his eyes to the ground, and taking his gun from his henchman, set off at a gallop, and I followed him rapidly, ready for a shot at game which I thought he had discovered. We continued thus for a couple of miles, brushing past the bushes, beside which I saw marks of human feet, when suddenly plunging into a hollow, we found ourselves close to three or four huts of stakes and bushes. and beside one of them was an old man, who seemed about to fly from us as his people had just done.

This was a Boschman, and Kiusip calling to him that there was no danger, he sat down on the ground. He was a wrinkled old man of five feet six in height, and as wiry as an Arab ; he was darker than my escort, wore in front a flap of soft black leather, and a little kaross of springbok's skin was on his shoulders ; his bow, poisoned arrows, and assegay lay against one of the huts ; two little naked children crawled on the ground beside him, and a third was attending to a small conical shaped earthen pot which, full of some green leaves, was cooking on a fire. This was the first Boschman family we had seen on the journey, though it was only part of one,

the rest having nimbly flew at the instant of our arrival at the kraal.

As we were to outspan about a mile only from the Boschman, at a pool, I gave him some tobacco, and invited him to come to me for more. And as we did not take the arms of this first Boschman or murder him wantonly, to which these people are sometimes subjected, the news, as we afterwards heard, of our *clemency* went continually before us.

The old man came to us in the afternoon. I gave him some flesh and a pipe, and throwing the meat on the hot ashes, he watched its browning with impatience, and with restless eyes glancing from side to side, then taking it up when half dressed, he gave it a shake to free it from the larger ashes, and putting an angle of the meat between his sharp teeth, he sawed off, with the blade of his assegay, a mouthful close to his lips, (if his nose had been long the point of it might have suffered), and so continued till he had finished his portion, and then he contentedly smoked, without apparently a care in the world.

"Content doth seat itself in lowest dales,
Out of the dint of wind and stormy showers,
There sit and sing melodious nightingales;
There run fresh cooling streams, there spring sweet flowers;
There heat and cold are fenced by shady bowers;
There hath he wealth at will; but this we know
The grass is short that on the hill doth grow."

I asked him to take his bow and show us how he crept after game; he, accordingly, with his small weapon bent, and holding the slight arrow in the middle between the first and middle

fingers of his left hand, and the notched and fitting on the string between the thumb and closed fore finger, and thus in a different manner from that of our Queen's Body Guard, the Royal Archers of Scotland, and other British Toxopholites, he, *in buff*, and quivering his arrow with his pointed fore finger, crept in a sitting posture among the bushes which overtopped him, and pretending to watch his opportunity, he shot his arrows at the supposed game.

He said that the poison of euphorbia, or milk bush (boiled till it was black), which he used, took from sun-rise to mid-day to kill the game (or about seven hours), and that after wounding bucks or other large animals, he leisurely followed on their spoor till he found them dead.

"When you are out hunting," I said, "and come unexpectedly on a lion, what do you do?"

"It is of no use to run away," answered the Boschman, "the lion would soon catch me, if he is awake and sees me."

"He is commonly asleep then in the day-time," I continued, "if he has nothing to eat?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"You sometimes share what the lion has got, if he is eating when you see him?"

"Yes."

"Show me how you get part of the lion's food."

On which the old man, taking up his assegay, and walking backwards and forwards in front of a bush where a lion was supposed to be devouring a zebra or buck, and brandishing, but never throwing his lance, he addressed the lion thus, whilst he continued his to and fro walk—"What have you come here for? Have you got any thing to eat? You made such a noise I thought

you had got something. Don't think to come here and quarrel with me, but go off now and get flesh." Thus walking and talking for sometime, he at last sits down facing the lion, when the astonished animal probably moves off, and leaves the remainder of his prey to the Boschman.

Lastly, I asked him to show me how he made fire; when he went and got two small twigs, and with his assegay he squared one twig and made a small hole in it, and gave the other a point, then taking out the bone barb of one of his arrows, he supplied its place in the reed with the pointed piece of stick, and placing the squared twig between his soles, he commenced rubbing the arrow-shaft between his palms, and pressing the pointed twig against the squared one, repeating the anxious cry of "hei! hei!" till he got a black dust from the two sticks, and after a quarter of an hour, smoke and a light.

At the conclusion of his hard work, I drew a lucifer match through sand-paper, produced an instantaneous light, and the Boschman was mute with amazement.

Continuing our progress over a level plain, on looking back, at a halt before sun-down, I was struck with the picturesque appearance of the party, and of the whole scene. A line of trees and bushes were on the right of the picture, indicating the chain of pools called Aansabib; in the foreground, on the left, were my own people and Namaquas on oxen and on foot; in the middle ground was a line of packed and loose bullocks with their drivers; behind them the sheep and goats; and in the distance the wagon;—whilst on the left, the view was bounded by tabular-shaped mountains, receding from us

in broad steps; and overhead was a lurid sky with heavy clouds slightly gilded with the setting sun.

After a day's journey of six hours and a half, we slept at two of the pools, and were for the first time during the journey annoyed with brown legged mosquitoes. I, who had been for several years in other lands subjected to the vexation of these tormentors, could well appreciate our good fortune, in having been hitherto free from them on this expedition.

Beyond the Tarup hills, or "those containing water in holes of the rock," and at no great distance from us, was the fountain called Usis.

On the 22d of March, we journeyed along the chain of pools, saw the spoor of a cameleopard with that of a Boschman after it, the fresh traces of a rhinoceros, and not less than a mile and a half springboks on the plain. Some of the hunters discovered a party of Boschmans on the move, and they brought them (two men, six women, and six children) to the outspan.

These Boschmans were well grown, and all in good case, unlike in size or lankness the diminutive and starved creatures which are found on the upper parts of the Orange river. The men wore karosses, and the heads of the women were ornamented with circular cut pieces of ostrich shell strung on the hair, one or two also wore dangling ornaments of red seeds. Their skin half petticoats were scantier, and their fore fringes shorter than those of the Namaqua women; otherwise there was a general resemblance in dress and feature.

The two old women of the group were very wrinkled and haggard, and had a look of the most perfect indifference to the world and every thing

in it; the two middle-aged women sat with the children clinging to them, and seemed to be occupied with cares for them, and with the pipe; whilst the two youngest of the women, apparently about eighteen years of age, were tolerably good looking, and somewhat coquettish in their manner; but the whole would have been much improved by a plentiful supply of soap and water. Perhaps it is only during a shower of rain that water touches the bodies of most Boschmans!

White men they now saw for the first time, but they expressed no astonishment at our appearance. I showed them a looking-glass, the first they had seen, and they seemed pleased with their own looks; and one of the men, about forty years of age, now discovered for the first time that he had a beard on his chin, and with which he seemed proud. I asked him what was that of all other things he wished for in the world—was it plenty of wives, of children, of cattle, sheep, of clothes, or a good hut? and he answered, "the rhinoceros, and to get it easily."

I asked him, as I had asked the old Boschman (Ariseep) we had just parted from, to show me how he frightened the lion from its prey; and instead of walking about like the old man, this hunter started up, javelin in hand, and sprang about, fifty yards in front of a bush, with great animation, shaking his weapon and crying to the supposed lion, "What have you got there, cannot you spare me some of it? Be off, and let some stand for me, or I'll do you an injury," and then threw his assegay, but only half way to the bush.

Some Boschmans derive their principal sustenance from the lions: thus, Jan Buys said he was once in the field, and he saw a Boschman who

answered Jan's inquiry as to his manner of living by saying, "I live by the lions."

"Well," said Jan, "there is the spoor of three before you."

"That is what I am now upon," said the child of the desert. "I let the lions follow the game, kill it, and eat a bellyfull; I then go near, throw about my arms and my skins, the lions go away grumbling, and I get what they leave. I never kill lions."

But Jan Buys heard afterwards that this same Boschman had been killed by a lioness: she was making a meal off a wild horse, and he did not observe she had whelps with her; beginning to halloo in his usual way, she looked up, growled savagely, and before he had time to retreat, she sprung at him, and destroyed him on the spot.

We moved on, followed by the Boschmans at a distance. It rained at sunset, and after dark we found ourselves under the trees of the Kei 'us, or Great Fountain. This rises in a broad patch of high reeds, at the commencement of the Kei Kaap, or Great Flat; is a favourite resort for rhinoceroses, and large game in general; and about it were old pitfalls for securing them.

The Boschmans took possession of some bushes about two hundred yards from where my kaross was laid. I went to see them before I lay down, and remarking a little child pounding a bit of gum between two stones, apparently its only food, I ordered the inside of a sheep (all I could spare of it) to be given them, on which these poor people made a capital meal. Nothing in the shape of food comes amiss to a Boschman, and every thing with blood in it (as a snake, for instance) is eaten; and with them roasted intestines are great delicacies!

In the middle of the night, when I usually awoke to look round and listen, I thought I heard a faint scream, but as it was not repeated, I went to sleep again. On asking some of my people in the morning if they had heard any noise in the night, they said no, but that they had now heard that the Boschman women had been ill-used by our young Namaquas. I went immediately to the head man, and talked very angrily with them about this disgraceful proceeding; but they did not seem to think it was a matter of any great consequence; and, as I saw one of the Boschmans quietly engaged looking about our fires for any scraps he could pick up, the only thing I could do was to give him a little tobacco and to follow the party, inwardly determining to prevent, if I could, a repetition of (what I then of course conceived) a very heavy offence, among any other Boschman families we might fall in with.

We naturally found the Kei Kaap or Great Flat, like all other great flats, exceedingly dull and tiresome; its surface was covered with thorn bushes, and here and there we passed rain-water in clay holes; between the Bulb mountains and a ridge west of us the breadth of the plain may have been twenty miles; on the right there was a notch in the range called "Isa koodee taos" (pretty girls pass). In the evening we were rewarded for our dull day's journey by finding ourselves in the midst of scattered trees like those in an English park, with broad pastures and plenty of water: this was at the Huntop or Springing river, one of the finest in this part of Boschman land.

My four European followers cooked for me and for themselves day about, and the cook here incautiously filling his pot in the dark, we got in

the soup substances which, between the teeth, felt like badly cooked liver, but which, on being held up to the light of the fire, turned out to be frogs!

As the place where we outspanned was said to be "sharp for lions," I lay down with my dust-man's bell at my head ready to sound an alarm: bells generally ring men to their dinner, but frighten lions from theirs. I neither lay in the wagon myself, nor allowed any one else to do so; nor had I the tent pitched whilst we were on the move, for as not a fourth part of the people could have been accommodated under cover, (by which they would have been safer from the attacks of Boschman and lions,) I rather chose that all should be equally exposed, to prevent any grumbling or apparent favouritism.

It will naturally be supposed that I kept a nightly watch, and I thought before I crossed the Orange river that it would be indispensable to do so; but I found that those keeping watch, and standing or sitting by the fire, would be sure marks for lurking Boschmans, and that lions pull out those soonest who may be sleeping with one knee up, I made all lie flat on the ground; first having made four half circles of bushes to shelter us (divided into four squads) from the night wind, with fires at our feet, beside which the dogs lay to give warning of danger; the bullocks were driven up the last thing before we lay down at the fires, the better to protect them, and to allow them the honour of first falling in the lion's way. Of course we always slept in our clothes and shoes, with arms in our hands ready to spring to our feet on the smallest alarm.

On the 24th we were still, crossing "the very desart." I saw no game, for it was all close to the foot of the mountain from which we were

retiring. We reached the Arigha 'Oup (or Flowering Fish) river, which we crossed twice; and then on Sunday the 26th, we halted for some hours at the Oosep (or Foot) river, where we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain. The lightning played about the wagon in such a threatening manner (like fiery serpents) that I struck the boarding pikes, and laid the muskets flat on the ground, and for half an hour, the thunder crashed and rattled close over our heads, during the time I was endeavouring to lecture on the seventh chapter of St. Matthew.

Next day, we halted for the night at the Narop river, or that whose bed is free of stones, where, some time before, while a party of Namaquas were packing off in the evening, two Boschmans came to the opposite side of the river, shot their arrows wantonly at the party, killed a man, and made their escape. Perhaps the Boschmans had some former injury to revenge, and I thought that some of my party had lately brought on us all the risk of the poisoned arrow.

At the Narop the trees were covered with rats and mice busily engaged in eating the gum on the branches—some of the mice were striped.

On the morning of the 28th, several of the oxen could not be found, and it was supposed, for several hours, that the Boschmans had carried them off; but after a diligent search and a sharp pursuit, they were all recovered; and then zig-zagging among low eminences, and losing our way under a stupid guide, a Bastaard dependant of the Buys, called "Oud Aaron," (who was good for nothing but watching a pot on the fire) we progressed over the endless Kei Kaap.

During the pursuit after the oxen I ascended a

rise, and on looking toward the east, a reddish cloud extended wide in the horizon; calling on a couple of men to follow me, I was making for this, thinking it must be the Boschmans cooking one of the oxen, when one of the Namaquas said, "that is a cloud of locusts we see." Accordingly, turning again to the north, zebras were seen, and eight cameleopards; which last soon discovering the party, went off sawing the air with their long necks, like ships careering over the billows. As we were now on the tiptoe of expectation for the sport we should immediately find at the famed Bull Mouth's Pass, we did not follow on the spoor of the giraffes.

Sometimes outspanning without grass, and sometimes without water, though seeing on one or two occasions, appearances as if "the parched ground had become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water;" but the deceitful prospect was occasioned by *mirage*, which, like a white cloud, reflecting the bushes upon it, lay spread on the ground. At last, on the morning of the 30th March, we saw a fine plain before us, which had been lately entirely covered with high grass, but which now exhibited broad bare patches; on looking to the right we saw the cause of this, for a red cloud, as of sand rising and falling, again indicated a thick flight of destroying locusts.

On the left of the plain was a broad and winding belt of high trees and bushes, indicating the course of a river, the Chuntop (or that which in running is suddenly checked): this entered a craggy opening in a flat range of mountains stretching across the plain to the north. The notch in the range where the wooded Chuntop disappeared, was the anxiously looked for Kopumnaas, or Bull's Mouth Pass—so named from

its being full of dangers, like the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

I now girded up my loins for the chase, and I burned with desire to slaughter some of the larger game, as much to feed my fifty followers, who ate at the rate of two sheep a-day, as for mere sport. The people were divided into several parties, and we rode towards the foot of the mountains, where wild animals are always rifest.

We were not long before we saw a cloud of dust, which proceeded from a large troop of wild horses; dismounting, and extending ourselves, we approached them under cover of the bushes—they took the alarm—started off—passed through between us—galloped backwards and forwards—halted and gazed, and three fell under our fire in the course of as many hours hard exercise on foot. The moment the first, a full grown stallion, fell, and had stretched his powerful limbs on the plain, with the agonies of death in his eyes, half a dozen of the hunters collected round him; some of them brought dry sticks and made a fire; while the others cut him open, and taking the half-digested grass from his stomach, *they squeezed the moisture from it into their mouths* in the intensity of thirst; then cutting out the liver and roasting it, they made their breakfast off it; and, lastly, fitted themselves with shoes from the warm hide.

A troop of that most magnificent antelope, the koodoo, next occupied us for a little, but before we had time to secure any of them, we intercepted a dancing flock of springboks; and again, by sharp running and quick firing, three of them were also added to our larder. Our blood was now fairly up, and turning towards the mountain two large grey objects were seen, apparently

disturbed by the "chattering of the musquets;" they ran a short distance among the bushes on the lower slopes, and then turned to look round them, these were two black and double horned rhinoceroses, covered with dried mud from the pools of the Chuntop, in which they had been wallowing.

We approached these dangerous animals with some caution, crept upon them, and got two or three flying shots at them; but unless they are taken standing, with deliberate aim at the back-bone, or behind the jaw, good balls are thrown away upon them; not that their hide, though more than an inch thick, is impenetrable in other places to lead and pewter bullets (hard and heavy), such as mine were, but because the rhinoceros runs away with a bushel of balls fired through his ribs. In his side they seemed to make no more impression on him, at the time of receiving them, than so many peas would, though he may die from them afterwards. So our two first rhinoceroses, being continually on the move, escaped from us though we tickled them roughly.

I now mounted my grey to look out for a good outspan place, whilst the locust-cloud passed over me, and the insects fell about me like thick and dry leaves in October. I trotted leisurely among the bushes, admiring the picturesque entrance to the poort, with a noble pyramidical eminence, with three tiers of cliffs standing alone in the gorge, like a guardian of the pass; and which I named Mount Michell, after the Surveyor-General of the Cape of Good Hope; while dark precipices were on the right, and far in the pass was a great wall of rock stretching across it, towards which the trees of the Chuntop appeared to crowd, like Birnam wood marching to Dunsinane. I

was enjoying this most romantic scene gleaming in the mid-day sun, when I remarked Kuisip, Henrick, and one or two more a little in advance of me, and looking earnestly towards the river.

I cleared the bushes, and saw rushing towards the hunters from the trees two more rhinoceroses, a female and a young male. The female appeared to have been wounded; for she snorted furiously, and driving her horns under a bush, she tore it up and threw it in the air, covering herself with dust and gravel, and then came on closely followed by her offspring, occasionally ploughing up the ground before her, and bent on destruction. The hunters now separated, and ran off as fast as they could to shelter themselves behind the rocks and bushes, whilst the monsters bore right down upon me, scattering a detachment of the pack-oxen as they neared me. Fortunately old "Night" was not paralyzed with terror, as some horses would have been (and if he had stood still in the open ground on this occasion, we must have both been annihilated). Wheeling him therefore to the right, I doubled the rhinoceroses, which with their deep-seated eyes and limited field of view, cannot see except right before them, and pulling up, I gave the dam a ball behind as she passed, which made her drop her tail, and the two then, tearing their way through a large bush, disappeared—"Secouant la terre sous eux."

END OF VOL. I.

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